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THREATENED WITH THE LOSS of federal expenditure in Louisiana, Senator Huey Long told a crowded Senate that Roosevelt's new "tea party" could work both ways and Louisiana might refuse to pay federal taxes. His pique makes him more daring than constitutional. A state has no inalienable right to borrow funds from the federal government, but there is no escape, save by revolution, from the inalienable duty to pay federal taxes. In this arena Long, if he were serious, would be courting defeat. But he is only boxing, and not without scoring points. The Administration is in a predicament in its attempt to outlaw the Kingfish. Somebody in Louisiana must spend the money, and the only alternative to the Long machine is the machine which he defeated. Its members, however, are no more savory in their methods and morals than the Senator, and some are still less desirable. The decision of Secretary Ickes to withhold loans to Louisiana because they would build up the Long machine is human enough, and certainly more defensible than his effort to remove Robert Moses from the bridge commission in New York. But it is the same kind of decision, and we believe that it is neither wise nor valid. We do not like to see federal loans used as counters in the business of machine building. The lesson to the people of Louisiana, who are the final sufferers, is that unless they support Long's enemies they will be pun-

ished, which will look to them like being punished no matter what they do. Long is not to be beaten in this way. Nor is he to be put to rout by wisecracks. Secretary Ickes's reference to his "halitosis of the intellect" may be a gem, but name-calling is the combat of adolescents, and the problem of Huey Long warrants mature treatment.

WE CONGRATULATE Secretary Ickes on his vigorous and forthright defense of civil liberties in his recent speech before the Associated Press. In sounding a warning against the encroaching forces of suppression and intolerance he performed a sorely needed service. Unlike most politicians he was amazingly direct and specific. He condemned "officials . . . who have taken a solemn oath to obey the Constitution and the laws of the United States [and] will deny a permit to speak in a vacant lot on the edge of town," and particularly those who violated their oath of office by "breaking up with tear bombs such a meeting as that of Norman Thomas several months ago in a town in the state of Abraham Lincoln." He spoke of great universities "within whose cloistered walls the truth is supposed to be sacred," which "yield to the unreasoning pressure of the un-American mob and deny an opportunity to be heard to advocates of certain objectionable causes"; and referred to "the paradoxical situation of self-appointed patriots demanding that constitutional rights be denied to those very persons for whom those rights were written into the Constitution." Most scathing of all was his reference to that section of the press which demands that its own "freedom be not infringed upon . . . while upholding the denial of the right of free speech and free assemblage to minority groups." Wondering just what Mr. Hearst would say to all of this, we scanned the New York *American* for reference to Secretary Ickes's speech. We find a brief account on page 6 under the heading "Mr. Ickes Upholds Free Press," in which all the above quotations are conspicuously absent.

MR. HEARST has been put at least on the defensive. At great expense he advertises in rival newspapers that "Hearst newspapers stand for Americanism and genuine democracy," and proceeds to explain what he believes. It will astonish any loyal reader of his who sees it to find that Hearst now supports "American rights and liberties, free speech, free assembly, freedom of thought and action, and freedom of the press," and that Hearst newspapers "are opposed to intolerance." Not long ago the official Hearst doctrine was that "academic freedom is a phrase taken over by the radical groups as a new camouflage for the teaching of alien doctrines." Our guess is that Hearst is finding the fascist label an expensive burden on his properties. So he advertises his hostility to tyrannies—communism and fascism alike. He hopes the public will forget that in speaking of the Philippines recently he said they never would have been abandoned "if we had a system of government of the date of the aeroplane, or even the automobile." Has he given up hoping for a government that dates in the twentieth century? Or does he still believe, as

he proclaimed in big type last year, that the San Francisco strike was "won in the right way—on the right note, on the true principles"? If he has repented, and if the attack on academic freedom is to end, the advertisement would be news and not fraud, and should have been published free of charge.

A WEEK AFTER STRESA finds the European situation still deeply clouded in uncertainty. Germany was not expected to approve of the League's action in censuring its unilateral declaration of rearmament. But no one quite anticipated the violence with which Hitler has turned against Great Britain, or expected that the Reich would seize upon the League's action as a pretext for remaining aloof from further negotiations. To some this turn of events will seem convincing evidence that the powers were too severe in their attitude toward Germany. Others will see in it final proof of the unwillingness of the Third Reich to enter into any plan of collective security. Both interpretations appear to us to be unduly extreme. While Hitler is naturally irritated by the failure of his attempt to drive a wedge between the powers, he has not closed the door to collective action. It is difficult to believe that in the long run he will choose isolation as an alternative to a plan of collective security in which the Reich can participate on terms of equality. Weeks and even months may pass before he is forced to make a final decision on this issue. But barring a serious breach in the united front of the League powers, Nazi diplomacy is doomed to ultimate defeat.

THAT A HITCH has developed in the negotiation of the Franco-Soviet pact at a time when agreement is most imperative illustrates the difficulties that are bound to occur in maintaining a common front against the Reich. Both France and the Soviet Union ardently desire an agreement, and both are willing to make sacrifices to obtain it. Yet the specific requirements of the two countries differ materially. Since the U. S. S. R. stands in the greater danger of an early attack, Moscow wants a pledge of immediate and unequivocal assistance. But as its geographical position would make it impossible for the Soviet Union to render immediate aid to France in case the latter were attacked, Paris would naturally prefer an arrangement somewhat less binding. The Soviets also differ with the French as to the necessity of guaranteeing the frontiers of the Baltic states. Despite these obstacles, there is reason to believe that the delay in signing the pact of mutual assistance is temporary. Neither country dares risk a complete breakdown. Much depends, however, on the nature of the compromise that is ultimately reached. A drastic agreement would be unpleasantly reminiscent of the pre-war alliances, but it is evident that any plan which does not provide adequate protection against Hitler's boasted intention to expand toward the East might allow just such a loophole as Berlin has desired. True collective security can only be obtained at a price equivalent to the limitation of national sovereignty.

THE UNITED STATES may be the only country in the world in which men are tortured, mutilated, and burned by mobs on the mere charge of having committed a crime, but Southern Senators are determined that no steps shall be taken to remove this stain from our na-

tional honor. As we go to press they seem determined to filibuster against the Costigan-Wagner bill as long as possible, even if thereby the whole reform program of President Roosevelt is held up. Senator George of Georgia and Senator Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina are leading the fight. They are bringing up the old argument that the South has made "marvelous progress" in coping with lynching. Mr. George declared that the proposed federal law would "actually retard the anti-lynching movement," and that "Senators should not hurry to reflect on the glorious history and traditions of the section to which I belong, beleaguered by influences and forces with which most Senators have not been familiar and with which they have not had to reckon. Certain acts committed are beyond the reach of any court or jury in the opinion of any right-minded man or woman." This is direct aid and comfort to lynchers. Its mawkish sentimentality as to the South is characteristic but utterly uncalled for, since the bill is as much aimed at California and Illinois as at any Southern state. The complete answer to Senator George is, of course, that lynching has not suppressed the specific crime to which he refers, and that, in any case, the great majority of the lynchings have nothing whatsoever to do with criminal assaults by Negroes upon white women.

THE BROOKINGS INSTITUTION REPORT on the NRA merely confirms the major criticisms which *The Nation* has been making during the past two years. Far from being an instrument of recovery, the NRA is found to have substantially retarded recovery. Any development which tends to freeze the wage and price structure delays those adjustments that must occur before the capitalist system can operate with relative efficiency. The report flatly denies the Administration's claim that 3,000,000 persons have been given work as a result of the operation of the codes, asserting that there has been an actual loss in employment and a decrease in aggregate real wages. Nor has the NRA's record as an agency of reform been any more commendable. It has restricted and hindered competition, reduced production at a time when production was obviously inadequate for the needs of the American people, and allocated to private groups "important powers which may be used to the disadvantage of the public." Against these and many other solid criticisms, we are assured by General Johnson that the NRA has accomplished a "vast amount of good" and are enjoined not to "throw the baby down the drain pipe with the dirty water." To which we should like to reply: Why not?

ON TOP of the decision to hold the fleet maneuvers this summer in the Pacific comes word that the army is planning the greatest peace-time "war" in its history at Pine Camp, New York, at a cost of \$379,630. No less than 60,000 regulars and National Guard troops are to participate, with every branch of the service represented. "The war between the red and blue armies will be fought through the swamps, farms, mountains, and forests of Jefferson and the adjacent counties." Troops will be brought in from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia, and they will maneuver practically within sight of the Canadian boundary. We are hopeful that our Canadian neighbors will attach no importance to the location of this imitation warfare, but we are

sure that the undertaking, together with our hitherto unheard-of military and naval budget, will be utilized in Japan to influence the militarists and big-navy maniacs in that country, and to convince the reading public that the United States is deliberately planning war. Criticisms of the fleet maneuvers have already appeared in two Tokyo newspapers. "The American fleet's hypothetical enemy is well known," the *Yomiuri* declares. "The fleet's big guns will be directed toward territorial targets, namely, the Kuriles, ninety degrees to the right of their own territory. This is why Japanese naval officers will keep keen eyes on the maneuvers." The *Kokumin*, of course, admits America's right to hold these maneuvers, but correctly believes that the United States should have refrained in view of the international situation. A group of 217 American missionaries in Japan has also protested against the maneuvers, and has offered a seven-point plan in the interest of better relations between the United States and Japan. But nothing like that is going to count. The militarists are in full control in Washington, and if Japan, Canada, and other countries do not like our militaristic gestures, they will know what they can do about it.

WHILE SECRETARY MORGENTHAU clips off millions from the cost of the debt by converting government bonds to a lower interest, the dulled public mind accepts without a gasp the compromise bonus proposal of Senator Harrison, which gives World War veterans \$560,000,000 more than they were to enjoy under the grant of 1925. This is not the mentality which will find the way back to financial realities. The Treasury's conversion schemes would be big news in England, where budget balance is sensitive to relatively small items. But in our billion-dollar fever the veterans can raid the Treasury under the banner of patriotism, and a compromise that costs the country a mere half-billion is received as though it were a minor matter. What makes the Harrison compromise expensive is that it dates the bonus certificates back to the Armistice and not to the year of the initial bonus raid. Except for this expensive sop to the veterans—who will play a big part in next year's campaign—the Harrison measure has merit. It gives the veterans interest-bearing bonds in exchange for their certificates, and these can be disposed of at their present value or held till maturity. By the new compromise the bonus will cost a total of \$2,660,000,000 before it is paid off for good. The Patman bill, which would pay the bonus in greenbacks, has not been dropped by its advocates, and the inflationists will stage a hard fight before they accept the Harrison bill. But the knowledge that the President is ready to sign it and not the Patman bill may be decisive. The veterans see the beginning of the end of their great demonstration that nothing succeeds like organization, persistence, and "patriotism."

LANGUAGE as a means of communication will be a lost art if it is left to Henry P. Fletcher, national Republican chairman, who gravely writes for the Associated Collegiate Press that "contradictory as it may sound," the Republican Party "is progressive because it has been conservative." The term reactionary not being popular with voters, Mr. Fletcher adopts a new scale of values; the Republicans become progressive and the Democrats are

christened radical. That would make *The Nation* Communist, and an adjective would have to be coined to describe those who stand to the left of us. Mr. Fletcher, after pasting the new label on the Republican jug, goes on to pour out a sample of its contents. His program is stable currency, reduced government expenditure, no competition from the government with business, no rigid governmental control or operation of business, and an end to "the glorification of the unfit at the expense and injury of the fit." The unfit, in the Fletcher language (if they fail to recognize themselves), are American citizens ruined by the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover prosperity and now on public relief. We doubt whether this brew will taste sweet to voters even with the new label.

IN THIS ISSUE appears the first of a group of comments by Benjamin Stolberg on current American processes of thought and development. Ever since the publication of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal," which he wrote in collaboration with Warren Vinton, Mr. Stolberg has been looked upon as one of the most penetrating theoretical critics of the Administration and its confused and conflicting policies. The readers as well as the editors of *The Nation* will watch for his further contributions with an expectancy granted to few Marxian analysts of contemporary political and economic life. For even though the ideology is Marx's, the voice is the voice of Stolberg, and it speaks with a native independence which, in our opinion, and despite the author's disapproval, is essentially pragmatic.

GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA has retired as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House after twenty-seven years in that post. All genuine music-lovers will regret his going. He made the Metropolitan the most important opera organization in the world, and gave increasingly splendid performances of the operatic masterpieces. It is true that not much can be said for many of the operas which he presented for the first time—"The Girl of the Golden West," "The Blue Bird," "The Pipe of Desire," "The Canterbury Pilgrim," and "Peter Ibbetson"—but at least they proved Gatti's willingness to encourage new works. He has been chided for not presenting often enough the lesser operatic works of Mozart, Weber, Gluck, and Beethoven; but he did produce Beethoven's "Fidelio," to mention one neglected composition, and it proved a failure. A manager of opera is always harried by lack of funds and cannot take too many chances with the public taste. Gatti introduced an amazing number of fine individual artists. The magnificent Flagstad came at the end of a long line of such truly great singers as Destinn, Bori, Ponselle, Hempel, Pons, Matzenauer, Amato, De Luca, Tibbett, Martinelli, and Gigli. Gatti has made his mistakes, the most glaring of them being the choice as conductor of Josef Rosenstock, who soon proved that he was incompetent; but he was also responsible for the choice of the extremely able Bodanzky and Serafin. Then there were the cases of Mary Lewis, Marion Talley, and Grace Moore. But when one considers the ignorance and moral predilections of many patrons of opera, one must admit that Gatti succumbed very rarely. His record was an extraordinary one, and the new directorate will have to work hard to equal it.

The AAA and the Textile Crisis

THE technique of pressure politics has never been more effectively demonstrated than in the current campaign of the textile industry for government assistance. Not a trick known to the professional lobbyist has been ignored in the effort to arouse public and political sympathy for this long-suffering industry. As an opening maneuver the Cotton Textile Institute filed a complaint with the NRA early in April alleging that increased imports of cotton cloth were tending to make the code ineffective throughout the entire industry. A few days later the governors of the six New England states presented a carefully prepared statement to President Roosevelt which asserted that immediate action was necessary to "save" the industry from virtual extinction in their region. A similar plea was made by Governor Talmadge of Georgia, long known as an unbending foe of the Administration's cotton program. Meanwhile various companies cooperated by issuing timely financial statements showing huge losses, and by closing a number of mills both in New England and in the South. It has even been whispered that the whole industry might pick up and move to Brazil, where cotton may be bought at four and a half cents a pound and where there would be no interference by alphabetical agencies.

As a price for continuing business under the stars and stripes the industry has presented three modest demands. To protect the home market against the alleged inroad of Japanese goods, it proposes that the duty on cotton cloth be made equivalent to the cost of production in the United States plus 10 per cent. This is, of course, merely a roundabout way of saying that it wants all imports prohibited. The New England industry asks that the existing wage differential between the Northern and Southern mills be abolished. The third demon which the industry would exorcise is the cotton-processing tax. One mill-owner, after closing his factory and throwing 750 workers out of employment, declared with a fine show of indignation that he would rather go to jail than continue to pay this unjust levy.

Of the three demands the proposed increase in the tariff on Japanese imports is the most indefensible. For years the textile industry has furnished a graphic illustration of the fallacy of the argument that "tariffs protect the American standard of living." Despite heavy protection, wages in the textile mills have been the lowest in American industry. Even in 1929 the average wage in cotton manufacture was only \$15.64 a week, or less than \$800 a year, while in 1933 it varied from \$14.32 a week for men in the North to \$7.35 for women in the South. The effectiveness of the existing tariff barrier may be seen from the fact that prior to this year Japanese imports of cotton cloth have not exceeded 0.1 per cent of the domestic production. Nor have the imports shown any tendency to rise. For the seven months ending in January, 1935, the imports of cotton products from all countries totaled only \$15,871,263, as against \$18,887,294 in the same period last year, a drop of 16 per cent.

The folly of further restrictions on Japanese imports is magnified by the fact that the United States has had an increasingly favorable balance of trade with Japan in re-

cent years. Under the circumstances any discrimination against Japanese imports is almost certain to react to the disadvantage of American trade as a whole. A glance at the current trade figures will illustrate this point:

UNITED STATES TRADE WITH JAPAN			
	7 months ending January, 1934	7 months ending January, 1935	Gain+ Loss—
U. S. Exports to Japan	\$109,705,027	\$139,696,951	+\$29,991,924
U. S. Imports from Japan	\$88,716,691	\$69,889,785	—\$18,826,906
U. S. Favor- able Balance	\$20,988,336	\$69,807,166	+\$48,818,830

No one will deny that the wage differential between North and South imposes an intolerable burden on the New England branch of the industry. But it is distinctly unfair to attribute this evil, even by inference, to the NRA. The drift away from New England started shortly after the World War and was prompted by the discovery that the "poor white" of the South could be exploited more effectively than the relatively class-conscious immigrant laborer of the North. As a result a large number of the New England mills either moved bodily to the South or opened branch factories there. It was the industry itself, in the face of the opposition of organized labor, which insisted that the wage differential be incorporated in the NRA code, and the present efforts to abolish it appear to be merely an ill-concealed move to bring the Northern wages down to the Southern level. But it is doubtful whether even this could save the New England industry. The Southern mills have the advantage of more modern equipment and proximity to the source of raw material. New England's future, as Secretary Wallace has pointed out, depends upon the discovery of a new enterprise to replace one that has already vanished.

In its assault on the processing tax and the AAA, the textile industry is on firmer ground, although even here its attack has been diverted to points of secondary importance. Abolition of the processing tax and the payment of a direct subsidy from the government-works fund would, at best, merely benefit an industry that has been notoriously antisocial in its policies at the expense of the nation as a whole. The textile problem cannot be safely treated in isolation. In fact, the issue as it presents itself is essentially a sectional conflict. On the one side is a decadent New England industry dependent on the tariff for its existence and desiring above all else an abundant supply of cheap cotton. On the other is the cotton-growing industry, which, because of its dependence on foreign markets, must have either a reduction of tariff or an indefinite continuation of the present reduction-subsidy policy. Reconciliation of this conflict is impossible. The alternatives are a complete reconstruction of the economy of the South, coupled with a subsidy to the textile industry; or the adoption of a liberal commercial policy. Either course would involve considerable readjustment, but it is high time that we decided which type of economy we desire, and began to build to that end.

Black Justice

IN a recent medley of Supreme Court decisions are two which help to define the civic rights of the Southern Negro. In one—the famous *Scottsboro* case—a criminal conviction is held invalid because of the exclusion of Negroes from jury panels. In the other—the case of *Grovey vs. Townsend*—the Democratic Party is found to be within its rights in excluding the Negro from its primary. A burst of editorial utterances has hailed the *Scottsboro* decision as a great victory. The far more significant denial of political rights has been treated by the press with general neglect.

A series of political events has made the Negro the ward of the judiciary. The Thirteenth Amendment was meant to give him freedom. The Fourteenth, which has been diverted—of course not perverted—to the protection of corporations against social legislation, was intended to protect his rights to “life, liberty, and property.” And the Fifteenth had the objective of preventing him from being deprived of suffrage because of race and color. But the Southern Negro was in, rather than of, the political society of his state. The more numerous he was, the more of a minority he actually became. The state government was charged with no duty to insure and enlarge his legal rights. On the contrary it was often consecrated to the principle of keeping him in his inferior place. As against local statute and judicial decree he had no protection except his constitutional rights. And for the realization of these he had to appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

The result has been the creation of a unique political institution. An alien body at the nation’s capital is called upon to do for the Negro what he ought to be able to do for himself. The tedious, decorous, and uncertain processes of the law are substituted for direct action at the ballot box. It takes far more knowledge, money, and luck than the Negro can ordinarily command to fight through an issue. Now and then a case involving a state statute which encourages peonage, draws a color line through the law of evidence, or hedges suffrage about with a racial barrier reaches the Supreme Court. Even if, against serious odds, a victory is won, the result is still uncertain. Many practical obstacles loom between the declaration of the law and its realization in the Black Belt. And their adroit use is an art not wholly unknown to the white man.

In a never-ending game of black man’s rights the suffrage has long been the strategic counter. The Thirteenth Amendment forbids a state to deny suffrage because of race or color. The state, bent upon the denial, has had to set up as a criterion for exclusion a legally innocent word which circumstantially means Negro. After a protracted period of experimentation the “literacy test” was discovered to be the best compromise between innocent appearance and studied intent. The one bother was that it would exclude too many whites, and this was met by a proviso waving literacy to all who could understand the Constitution when it was read to them. It was, of course, a coincidence that election officials discovered that illiterate whites could invariably fathom the meaning of the sacred words and that illiterate blacks could

not. But meanwhile the battle line had been shifted. The exclusion of the Negro limited the electorate to persons born white. The muddle of Reconstruction drove the great mass of Southern voters into the Democratic Party, and the fear of Negro domination held them there. As in other sections of the country a great popular movement replaced a nominating convention with a primary; and in the South its monopoly enabled the white man’s party to anticipate the election. The Negro’s struggle for suffrage had become an irrelevancy.

It took the Negro a long time to discover that he had been outmaneuvered. At last he timidly sought participation in the Democratic primary. The state of Texas led the fight against the new invasion of the white man’s ranks. The legislature solemnly decreed that Negroes were not eligible to vote in the Democratic primary—and the Supreme Court found the act null and void as a deprivation of liberty under the Fourteenth Amendment. The legislature, thereupon, decreed that the party might fix its own requirements of admission; the party solemnly and pompously exorcised the Negro—and the Supreme Court found the new act null and void as a delegation by the state of a power which it did not possess. But nothing daunted by judicial defeat, the state of Texas went at it once more. Acts were obediently erased; the legislature maintained a discreet silence; and the ceremonial of ostracism was performed by the party alone. In the *Grovey* case this denial of the right to vote in the Democratic primary has now been upheld by the Supreme Court.

The opinion of Justice Roberts is singularly unconvincing. It lies in a rarefied atmosphere of dialectic far removed from political actuality. It seems irrelevant to the court that a party performs a political function, that the Democracy of Texas includes the great mass of electors, that the primary has usurped the place of the election, and that exclusion from the primary robs the Negro of his suffrage. The court’s argument is that the prohibitions of the Constitution are upon the state, and a political party is a voluntary association. In short, Justice Roberts detaches the primary from the election, makes the party in charge an exclusive club—and, off to such an ipse dixit start, the conclusion comes easy.

It is hard to magnify the tragedy of the decision. A right to vote is the most elementary of rights, for it is the means to the protection of others. Its denial to a minority—especially when that minority is a racial group—is tantamount to exclusion from civic life. This last decision leaves the Negro in the status of a ward to the judiciary—he has rights only as the court allows them. He cannot organize a black man’s party; the white Democracy has by its act invited that—but would never stand for it. He is without a place in the state.

A note of irony marks the tragedy. A provision is written into the highest law of the land to insure to the Negro the right to vote. This very clause is invoked as a sanction in the denial of that right.

Collapse at Albany

THE regular session of the New York State Legislature, which adjourned on April 17, passed more than 1,000 bills. Many of them were of the petty variety which the antiquated state constitution forces upon the central lawmaking body. But a number of them were important and timely. Among these were the Lehman labor measures, especially those calling for unemployment insurance and radically limiting the power of the state courts in injunction proceedings, and the bills creating a State Mortgage Commission, permitting legitimate theaters to stage productions on Sunday, abolishing suits for alienation of affection and breach of promise to marry, curbing the medical abuses in workmen's compensation, and authorizing an unemployment-relief bond issue of \$55,000,000. Several proposed constitutional amendments, also adopted, would provide four-year terms for the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor, double the present one-year term of assemblymen, and permit a ten-to-two jury verdict in civil cases. No one can object to the broad intent of these measures, although the unemployment-insurance act shares many, but not all, of the inadequacies of the federal bill.

But several of the measures which failed of passage are of far greater importance to the welfare of the state. We refer especially to the child-labor amendment to the federal Constitution and to legislative and Congressional reapportionment. The child-labor amendment finally reached the Assembly, where it was badly defeated. The Republican Party and the Catholic church are chiefly responsible for this shameful performance. The first is foolishly fearful about the establishment of a "bureaucracy for children" in Washington, and the second about what the proposed amendment might do to parochial schools. These fears have absolutely no basis in fact, as President Roosevelt has pointed out on various occasions. As for legislative and Congressional reapportionment, it is not too much to say that until the state is redistricted in accordance with the present distribution of population, New York will continue to present a mockery of the democratic structure of government. It is suffering from glaring inequalities in representation both in Albany and Washington, and reapportionment has been overdue for nearly twenty years.

Governor Lehman boasted that 95 per cent of his program went through, which is true, but it is also true that the remaining 5 per cent was immensely the more important part. The fact is that he is a feeble leader and a timorous combatant. The Senate and Assembly this year were both overwhelmingly Democratic, for the first time since 1913, and when they convened on January 1 it looked as if the Lehman program would be carried out in full. As the weeks passed, however, dissension appeared within the Democratic ranks, and soon even Senate Leader Dunningan was out of control. The Governor made a faint request to the two legislative committees to bring the child-labor amendment to a vote; he made a state-wide radio plea for reapportionment. Both efforts were futile. As a result of his ineffective leadership the Assembly may go Republican in the November elections, and if it does, even the mild reformism of Mr. Lehman will be frustrated.

Read American

THE good old question, "Who reads an American book?" is no longer rhetorical. It has an answer now, and the answer is, "the English." They bought, for example, 100,000 copies of "Anthony Adverse," and they have found an excuse for liking our books. What we have, it seems, is "gusto."

Such at least is the opinion of Norman Collins, partner in an important firm of London publishers, who is now in New York looking for manuscripts and who told a reporter from the *Herald Tribune* what he thought about it all. Representatives of at least five other British houses have been here since January, he said, because English readers are turning more and more to American writers for the exciting entertainment they fail to find in Empire products. For one thing "the American language is full of living metaphor rather than the dead metaphor of English as it is written on the other side." For another our writers are less self-consciously "above the battle," and less inclined to be "ashamed of their emotions." "When I read an American novel," added Mr. Collins in what seems to us a somewhat less graceful compliment, "I think of a good dog fight, with something happening all the time."

Perhaps it was this last sentence which woke in us that sensitiveness to criticism from abroad which foreigners have always professed to find so ridiculously acute, and stirred slightly our rooted suspicion of literary Englishmen *et dona ferentes*—as one of them, with his fondness for "dead metaphor," would probably put it. The dog-fight analogy makes us a bit uncertain about the exact implications of the key word "gusto," and we are wondering if it was chosen because it gives English readers what we call in our amusingly "living" idiom an "out." We have long noticed that both the English and the French are most hospitable to American books which seem to exhibit what they regard as the only qualities to which we have any right, and that they are apt to be decidedly condescending toward those of our writers who aspire to polish or learning, cultivation or grace. Our dog fights are superb, and there is, we think, considerable justification for the suspicion that when the Nobel Prize was given to Sinclair Lewis the intention was, in part at least, officially to approve a view of America which Europe was very ready to accept.

Paul Morand summed up the French view well in the last chapter of what he obviously regarded as a very generous book about New York. Of course, he said in effect, there is no culture there but, then, who wants culture from America? Not long ago a review in the literary supplement to the London *Times* summed up the typical English attitude equally well when it began, "H. L. Mencken is a second-rate American—which is the same thing as a fourth-rate English—critic." "If a man can stage a better dog fight than his neighbor . . ." No, Mr. Collins, we can think of compliments we should like better. And perhaps we had better add that none of them is the one paid a traveling American by an English lady, who explained that she was so glad she had overcome a reluctance to make his acquaintance. "As I told my husband last night," she added, "you are not a bit like an American."

Issues and Men

Companies and Salaries

THE other day I met one of the foremost business men in the United States, nationally known and very rich. He told me that he was thinking of presenting to the United States government a large tract of land which he owns south of Mason and Dixon's line. He likes the property and has enjoyed handling it, but he said that he no longer felt happy in having the wealth and the possessions that are his when there are so many people suffering and destitute. Although he is an ardent defender of the capitalist system, his conscience is troubling him. I could not help recalling this conversation when I read that the stockholders of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company had applauded their president, Walter S. Gifford, when it was announced that he was drawing an annual salary of \$206,250. This is very nearly three times the salary paid to the President of the United States (leaving out perquisites—White House allowances and travel money). It raises the question at once whether any individual is worth any such sum, and also whether any individual ought to be willing to receive such a sum in these times of distress and suffering. I notice that one explanation of the very greatly increased expenses of the Telephone Company is that wages have been increased. I hope that this is true, and that some of the wage cuts have been replaced, and that all the employees Mr. Gifford has dropped will soon be reinstated. But even if this has happened I cannot reconcile myself to the payment of so large a salary to anybody, particularly when the company had to borrow nearly \$12,000,000 from its surplus in order to pay the full \$2.25 dividend for the first quarter of this year. I realize, of course, that if \$100,000 were lopped off Mr. Gifford's salary it would make very little difference to the huge army of stockholders.

On this whole question we have been obtaining some interesting facts through the publication of the reports of large corporations to the Federal Trade and Securities commissions. They show in some cases a drift which would seem to be further evidence that the NRA is helping the big fellows while hurting the little ones. For example, in 1934 Francis B. Davis, chairman of the board of the United States Rubber Company, was paid \$125,000, as compared with \$107,550 in 1932. The Pittsburgh Coal Company did better by its president, jumping him in those two years of the depression from \$30,780 to \$74,440. James H. Rand, Jr., president of Remington-Rand, Inc., is one of the lucky ones, as his pay went up from \$76,128 in 1932 to \$94,120 in 1934. The president of the Owens-Illinois Glass Company is also well thought of by his directors, his salary having jumped in those two years from \$42,596 to \$100,000. But it is our old friend the Bethlehem Steel Company which, as usual, stands out. That company is no longer paying \$1,000,000 to its president, Eugene G. Grace, under the bonus system. In 1934 he received a beggarly \$180,000 instead of the huge sums that he got in some years. Charlie Schwab as chairman received only \$250,000, poor man, and the secretary of the company, Mr.

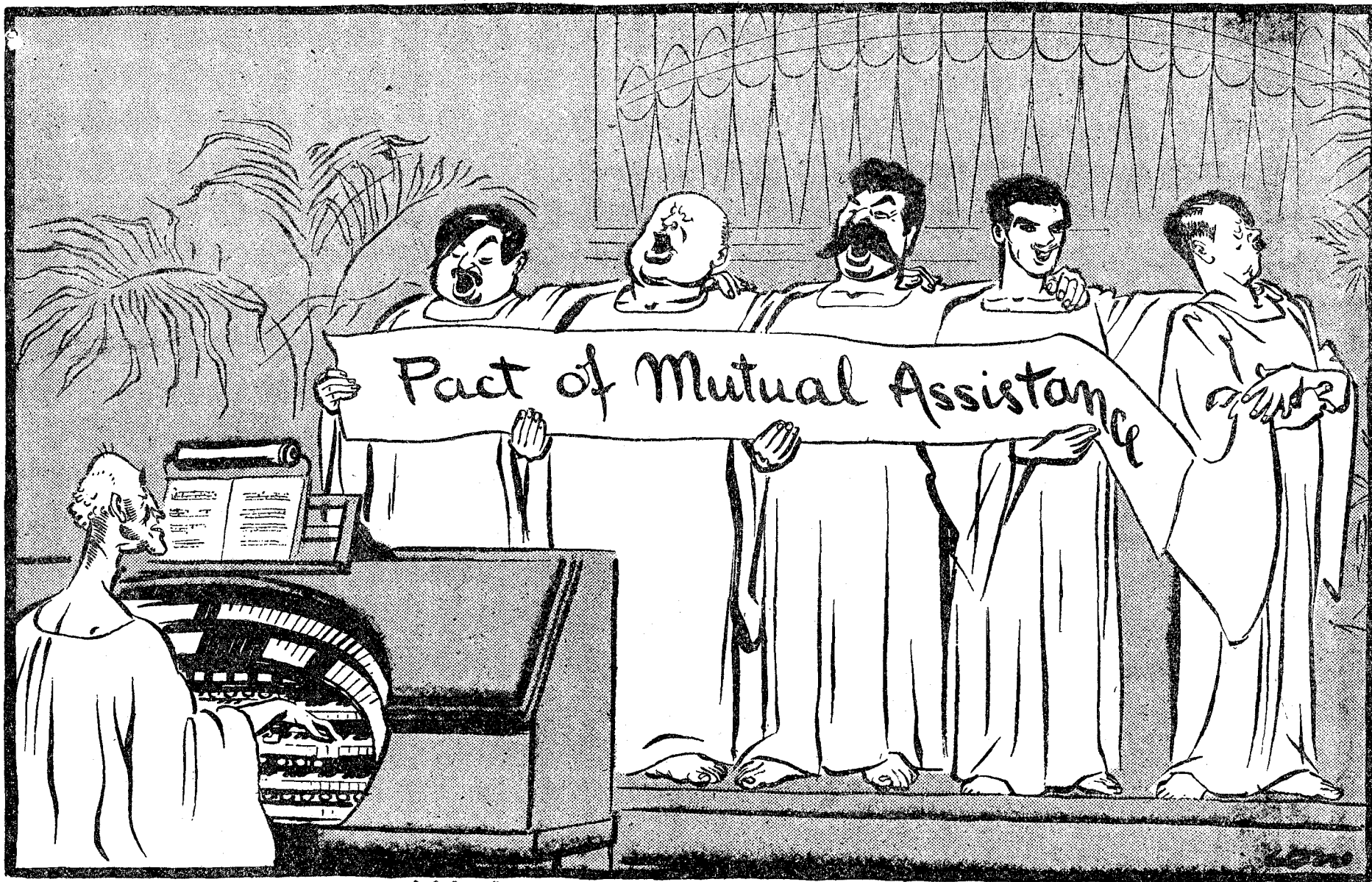
McMath, had to content himself with a mere \$58,000. Now if we total these three payments they come to \$488,000. Curiously enough, the total profit of the company was only \$550,000 for the year 1934! I submit most respectfully that those salaries are totally out of proportion to the earning power of the company.

In the Bethlehem meeting the stockholders were not so polite or so happy as those of the A. T. and T. Thus Leopold B. Coshland, of 102 Warren Street, New York, was so rude as to declare that it wasn't "fair or honorable" for Mr. Grace to accept such a large salary when so little was available for stockholders, and he was so unkind as to say that it made his "blood boil." He must be one of those pacifist reds that we hear so much about because of their efforts to limit the profits of our great business men, for he charged that Mr. Schwab had gained a large part of his present means as a result of the World War, and that he "would not stop to increase his profits in this same way if another war should come." Mr. Coshland's real meanness appears from these words: "A few years ago Mr. Schwab said that he was giving up many of his activities on account of his advanced age, but that Bethlehem would always remain nearest his heart. He was wrong in his anatomy. He has held it nearest his stomach, and we have been his meal ticket." That vulgarity fired a widow, Mrs. Mary Gallagher, also a resident of New York, to get up and say: "No wonder Father Coughlin preaches about blood money. He knows what he is talking about. There is too much of this. Here we are without a cent while you men store up millions. Mr. Grace should know that there are no pockets in shrouds." But fortunately good manners and good taste prevailed. When the resolution offered by Mr. Coshland for a reduction of the official salaries to 20 per cent of the corporation's net profits for 1934 was put before the meeting, only he, Mrs. Gallagher, and two similar "reds" from Pittsburgh voted for it. The officials voted 2,370,000 shares against the 335 of the malcontents.

Well, I'm old-fashioned because I still have the feeling that the men who are at the head of a great institution, or a bank, or a railroad ought to be the first to suffer in bad times. They should be eager to do so. There are lots of Mr. Gifford's employees who have not had their salaries restored, and many thousands who have not been reinstated. If Mr. Gifford really wished to improve the morale of his force he would let it be known that he is willing to work for a thousand dollars a month. He wouldn't die of starvation if he did. But a year ago his company stated—as a result of various violent protests—that it was satisfied to pay him his huge salary and that it would pay more if necessary to get better men!

Isabel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



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ALL QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT.

Nazi Jew-Baiting in America—I

By CHARLES ANGOFF

NAZI anti-Semitism is still riding high in the United States. It is true that the investigations carried on by the Dickstein committee have done a great deal to cripple the open activities of such Nazi organizations as the Friends of New Germany and its recent offspring, the American National Socialist League. Less than a year ago the first group used to have an attendance of about 2,000 at its meetings in New York City, and less than two months ago the second group could count upon about 400. Now the Friends can muster only about 125, while the American National Socialist League is in grave difficulties with the law of New York State. Despite these facts, Nazi anti-Semitism continues to be an active force in this country. The Dickstein committee has merely driven it underground. Mr. McCormack, chairman of the committee, and his colleagues are well aware of this, and in their report to the Committee of the Whole House, submitted on February 15, 1935, they made several recommendations for curbing underground propaganda. Of these more anon.

In the present article I shall discuss some of the underground propaganda which has been spread through the United States during the last few months. Much of the material appears here for the first time. But first a brief review of the general situation. There are twenty-odd million Americans of German birth or descent in this country. Many of them are well-to-do, and Hitler's National Socialist German Labor Party has, from its beginning in 1923, tried to bring them into support of the Nazi program. The first official Nazi representative in this country was Kurt Georg Wilhelm Lüdecke. According to the Dickstein committee, "he utilized his position of traveling representative for a German commercial house as a smoke screen behind which to disseminate his propaganda in the United States, in an effort to gain adherents and financial support for the Nazi movement." Lüdecke admitted that while he was a Nazi propagandist, at the time when Hitler was only a minor figure in German political life, he "gained access not only to the press galleries of the Congress, but also to the press gatherings in the White House." At about the same time he founded in Brookline, Massachusetts, the *Swastika Press*, in one issue of which he said:

We repudiate the doctrine of popular sovereignty. Believing in the authority of leadership, in the value of personality, we advocate a state of truly sovereign authority, which dominates all the forces of the nation, coordinating them, solidifying them, and directing them toward the higher ends of national life; an authority which is at the same time in constant touch with the masses, guiding and educating them, and looking after their interest.

Lüdecke said he was No. 7 in the Nazi party, Hitler of course being No. 1. He was proud of his "friendship with all the heads of the various branches of the Nazi party and the Nazi government of Germany." He spread his propaganda far and wide, and was especially successful in New York and vicinity, Chicago, and Los Angeles. The Americans who were thus converted to the Nazi philosophy banded

together in a group known as Teutonia, which after Hitler's rise to power assumed the name of the Friends of New Germany. The first leader of the Friends was the notorious Heinz Spanknöbel, who entered the United States on the spurious claim that he was a clergyman. Actually he was a Nazi agent. According to the Dickstein committee, "one of his first activities was to take over, by intimidation and without compensation, a small newspaper in New York published by the German Legion, which paper he largely financed by subsidies under the guise of advertisements granted him by the German steamship lines [the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines] as well as the German railways. Documentary evidence before the committee obtained from the companies shows that this subsidy was ordered from Germany and amounted in the case of the steamship lines to \$600 per month and in the case of the railways to \$200 per month without regard to the amount of space used." Incidentally, the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American are carrying on a whispering campaign among American Nazis to let it be known that "there are no Jews on our boats making the West Indies cruise."

The same Spanknöbel obtained control of the Stahlhelm, a German veterans' organization in the United States, dismissing those who refused to subscribe to the Nazi program. He also usurped power in the United German Societies of New York, and he attempted to do the same in other cities. His activities were cut short in the fall of 1933, when a federal grand jury in New York City indicted him for failing to register as the agent of a foreign government, and he is now a fugitive from justice. He was succeeded by Fritz Gissibl, also an alien, who in turn was succeeded by Reinhold Walter, a citizen. The latter was picked to make the Friends appear American, although Walter told the Dickstein committee that "Gissibl remained the real head of the movement and continued to dominate its policies." In July, 1934, Walter was succeeded by Dr. Hubert Schnuch, who is still the party leader.

A number of American individuals and organizations sold their names and services for express propaganda purposes, "making their contracts with," to quote the committee report, "and accepting compensation from foreign business firms. The firms in question were Carl Byoir and Associates and Ivy Lee-T. J. Ross. The owner of the Ivy Lee-T. J. Ross firm admitted to the committee that the reports he furnished to the I. G. Farben Industrie, his ostensible employer, dealt with public and political questions rather than trade promotion, and that they were intended to be relayed to the German government. For this service he received \$25,000, all payments of which were in cash, and an effort was made to keep secret the connections. Mr. Lee also admitted that he had never made such a contract before. Carl Dickey, junior partner of Carl Byoir and Associates, testified that his firm handled the contract with the German Tourist Bureau with the fee for services set at \$6,000 per month. He testified that the contract was secured with the help of George Sylvester Viereck, who received \$1,750 per month

with free office space and secretary as his share of the \$6,000. The committee finds that the services rendered by Carl Byoir and Associates were largely of a propaganda nature. Viereck admitted that he discussed the Byoir contract with a German Cabinet officer before it was entered into. He further testified that he had also been paid the sum of \$500 monthly 'for four or five months' by Dr. Kiep, former German consul-general in New York City, which was paid in cash for advice of a propaganda nature."

In addition to Dr. Schnuch there were two other organizers of propaganda here. One was Ernst Berkenhoff, who had been a captain of Nazi storm troopers, living at Asslar, Germany. "In September, 1934," says the committee report, "he applied to the foreign bureau of the Nazi party for a sixty-day leave of absence for the purpose of visiting the United States on business. Documents in his possession showed that he was first instructed by the Nazi party officers in Germany to report to the 'local' of the party in New York City, and the address given him in Germany at which to report was that of 'The Friends of New Germany' in New York City." The other Nazi propaganda agent was Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, who sold to the Library of Congress a few years ago a Gutenberg Bible and other rare books for the sum of \$1,500,000. Of him more later.

The conditions of membership in the Friends of New Germany are the same as those for membership in Hitler's National Socialist German Labor Party, with the same emphasis upon Aryan blood. In July, 1934, the Friends conducted "youth summer camps" in and around New York. "At these camps the official language was German, the swastika flag was prominently displayed at the headquarters tent, and at morning and evening exercises the flag was saluted in Nazi style."

Toward the end of 1934 considerable dissension developed in the Friends of New Germany, and on December 18 Anton Hägele, the leader of the rebellious New York local, called a meeting at the New York Turn Hall, located at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street. Although the meeting was scheduled to open at 8:30, the hall was crowded at 8 o'clock. There were about 2,200 present, and the usual number of *Ordnungsdienst* in uniform (about seventy-five) were at their customary stations. The admission price was fifteen cents. The O. D. men, in addition to their customary uniform, this time also wore caps which corresponded in every detail to those worn in Germany by the Schutzstaffel, except for the insignia, which were those of the Reichswehr—a semicircle of silver oak leaves with the official army emblem of black-white-red ("Kokarde") in the center.

The stage was decorated with the swastika and German flags and in the center was an American flag, hung sideways up, with the field of stars on top and the stripes below it. There were, however, only three stripes, two red stripes on the ends and a white stripe in the middle. At 8:45 there appeared on the platform the rebels Willy Meyer, Ludwig Glaser, Werner Brinck, Anton Hägele, Friedrich Staattermann, Gerhard Procht, and Walter Freund. Hägele made a speech which lasted one hour. He made serious accusations against Dr. Schnuch, charging him with inefficient management of the Friends and especially of the New York Nazi paper, the *Beobachter*, which a short while before had been seized by the Hägele group, and concerning which

there is at present a case before the New York Supreme Court. When Hägele finished, Werner Brinck delivered a brief address, in which he repeated Hägele's accusations against Dr. Schnuch, but added this highly significant remark: "I am in constant touch with official circles in Berlin. They have always regarded the *Deutsche Zeitung* [the organ of the Friends of New Germany] as a filthy rotten scandal sheet and have been mortified. And I have another communication from a German Cabinet minister in which he expresses his horror over the way the Friends are being conducted here and says that the Friends under their present [Schnuch] management are doing more harm to the German cause than Germany's enemies." Brinck, as well as Hägele, referred to Dr. Schnuch and his close associate, W. Kappe, as "human beings lower than Jews." The meeting adjourned at 11:35 with the singing of the Horst Wessel song. Then Hägele stood up on the platform and exclaimed: "To our glorious National Socialist movement, to our great leader Adolf Hitler, a triple Sieg Heil." As the audience was about to break up, a storm trooper shouted: "To our brave leader, the indomitable Anton Hägele, a triple Sieg Heil," and the people joined in with vociferous enthusiasm.

Hägele had left the Friends on December 13, 1934, and immediately set about organizing the American National Socialist League. It was formed on Friday, January 4, 1935, and the following officers were elected: Anton Hägele, president; Ludwig Glaser and Gerhard Procht, sergeants-at-arms; Theodore Ströhlen, treasurer; Werner Brinck, German publicity agent; and Willy Meyer, English publicity agent. At this writing the league has not yet applied for incorporation papers. It keeps a bank account with the Manufacturers' Trust Company, and its counsel is Andrew S. Fraser, whose address is 401 Broadway, New York City. Anton Hägele lives at 6681 Forest Avenue, Brooklyn, and his telephone number is Hegeman 3-0367.

The Friends of New Germany held a meeting at the Yorkville Casino on the evening of January 8, at which it was declared that the Nazi movement had finally been "purged" of Anton Hägele and his crowd, who, it was charged by Dr. Schnuch, had "played into the hands of the Jews." Schnuch then introduced Louis Zahne as "your new leader, under whom we will be the German-American movement of America—in honor of the Third Reich." Zahne disposed of the Hägele revolt by saying that it was only the last attempt of Samuel Untermyer to break up the influence of Hitler in the United States. Zahne, incidentally, was born in the United States, and to the best of my knowledge has never been in Germany.

Two days later in the same place the American National Socialist League held its first meeting. About 1,000 persons were present. They sang the Star Spangled Banner and the Horst Wessel song, and jeered whenever mention was made of Dr. Schnuch. One of the chief speakers was Kurt Georg Wilhelm Lüdecke, who has been described heretofore. The league has made some progress during the past four months, and at the moment a plan is under way to have a meeting of all the locals in Chicago early in the summer of this year. The prime mover behind the league is Lüdecke, even though Hägele is the titular head. The latter has been organizing in and about New York City, and on January 31 he formed a branch in Brooklyn. It meets in New Ridgewood Hall, and the lo-

cal leader is Fritz Kapelsberger. Lüdecke apparently has been doing most of the organizing out of town. He works from New York City, where he lives somewhere in West Forty-sixth Street under the name of Fischer. He has in mind establishing a paper for the league, in case the court action with regard to the *Beobachter*—which carries a suspiciously large amount of publicity for the North German Lloyd boats—is lost and that paper has to be returned to the Friends. He recently sent a letter to one Walter in New Jersey. It reads:

WALTER:

Here are good news for you. Our league is progressing rapidly rapidly [*sic*] and the news of its growth is spreading like wild fire. It had to come that way. The American League of Friends of New Germany could no longer satisfy that part of its membership which wanted to see action and nothing but action. The growing liberal attitude of its Bundesleitung in the Jewish question brought on a situation in which Anton Hägele acted right and acted at once. We, the above league, are proud to have in its ranks that part of the former organization's membership which will wage an uncompromising war on Judaism and communism. We are more of the type of the former Tannenberg Bund, our leader is more a man like Ludendorff than Hitler, more like Röhm than Himmler. If we are only coming near our goal there will be no Jew left in these United States. A local chapter has been organized under a man Esskuchen in Hoboken, N. J., and we hope that you men of Newark will follow soon. Don't be stinchy [*sic*] with news of *our* idea in your "Nerk."

Here is our toast: TO THE LAST JEW! And we sure mean it. We already have A-1 contacts with organizations like the Order of '76 and so help us God we will line them up all, whatever names those American fascist organizations may have. So here it is:

To the last Jew!

L.

January 12, 1935

American National Socialist League



National Council

Regent 4-6374

January 12, 1935

Walter,

Here are good news for you. Our League is progressing rapidly rapidly and the news of its growth is spreading like wild fire. It had to come that way. The American League of Friends of New Germany could no longer satisfy that part of its membership which wanted to see action and nothing but action. The growing liberal attitude of its Bundesleitung in the Jewish question brought on a situation in which Anton Hägele acted right and acted at once. We, the above League are proud to have in its ranks that part of the former organization's membership which will wage an uncompromising war on Judaism and Communism. We are more of the type of the former Tannenberg Bund, our leader is more a man like Ludendorff than Hitler, more like Röhm than Himmler. If we are only coming near our goal there will be no Jew left in these United States. A local chapter has been organized under a man Esskuchen in Hoboken, N.J., and we hope that you men of Newark will follow soon. Don't be stinchy with news of the progress of *our* idea in your "Nerk".

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To the last Jew!

Lüdecke, the author of this letter, has apparently had a past of doubtful character. The *Deutscher Weckruf* of Philadelphia, an organ of the local Friends, in its issue of January 19, 1935, denounced him as an "embezzler and swindler," charging him with homosexuality and thievery. [Part II of Mr. Angoff's article will appear next week.]



Für ein einiges Deutschtum

in Amerika und der Heimat

Philadelphia

Deutscher Weckruf

Nachrichtenblatt der Ortsgruppe Philadelphia des Bundes „Freunde des Neuen Deutschland“

3. Sondernummer.

Philadelphia, Pa., January 19th, 1935

Auflage 15,000. Preis 5 Cents

Kurt G. W. Luedecke ein Hochstapler und Schwindler.

Was in deutschen Akten über den Hintermann der Haegle-Klique zu lesen steht.

Kurt Georg Wilhelm Luedecke, der sich hier in New York unter dem Namen Fischer aufhält, ist ein deutscher Justizflüchtling und derselbe Luedecke, der nach seiner Flucht aus Deutschland vor dem Dickstein-Komitee seine Aussagen machte, um unmittelbar darauf in Verbindung mit Ludwig Glaser und Anton Haegle den Separatistenputsch innerhalb des Bundes „Freunde des Neuen Deutschland“ vorzubereiten.

The Morgan Nerve Begins to Jump

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, April 22

NOT often is the sensitive nerve-structure which joins business with government so neatly exposed as it has been by the recent activities of the Senate Munitions Committee. Three times the committee has touched vital nerves, and each time there has been action, unexpected, immediate and distant. Once was in the now notorious Colt case. Here the committee, inquisitive about the power of a munitions company in its relations with the government, wished to put some questions about Colt's Blue Eagle and produced an utterly astonishing result. When it invited Donald Richberg to explain why he had tied up the ordinary procedure in order to save Colt, none other than the President asked for the postponement of the inquiry. The question, How powerful is a munitions manufacturer? was thus voluntarily answered by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Richberg themselves. This is an oblique episode of which more will be said in a moment. But it is not more startling than two other adventures of the committee.

About a fortnight ago its investigators descended on the Guaranty Trust Company (Morgan affiliate) to study the letter files bearing on the relations of that bank with the British and French governments before our entry into the war. The nerve touched by this inquiry sent out violent vibrations that reached across the Atlantic. The Foreign Office in Downing Street was set in motion, the British Ambassador in Washington then called upon Secretary of State Hull, Mr. Hull had to confer with the munitions committee, and with all the suavity and grace that diplomacy knows so well, the intimation was conveyed (though never frankly avowed) that the investigation of a Morgan affiliate might injure Anglo-American relations. The Nye committee, not to be outdone in lightness of touch, did not guffaw, but agreed to consult with the British before publishing anything which might appear unfair or distorted or needlessly damaging to our relations with Britain.

Last week this same nerve functioned again, only much more impressively. This time investigators of the committee entered the premises of Morgan and Company, fiscal agents of Britain and France, and asked for files. This was on a Monday. By the next afternoon Stanley Baldwin, the real head of the British government, answering a question in the House of Commons, had deplored the revival of "old controversies" in commenting on the committee's investigation. Once more the British Ambassador called on Secretary Hull, once more the Secretary conferred with the committee, once more the committee graciously agreed to consult the British in advance of publicity on delicate matters. But the nerve went on jumping. Whether because he had a personal letter from the British Ambassador or on his own initiative, the President joined in the business of intimating-but-not-avowing. He invited Senators Nye, Clark, and Pope to the White House. Of course the President did not command his visitors "to lay off the banking inquiry"; the British had not asked him to, nor could they with any propriety. Morgan had not asked him to. The President

did not request it for his own sake. He was utterly correct and careful. But he left the impression that he would be oh-so-gratified if the Nye committee would let Morgan and Company alone. That was the way the committee members felt, not that feelings are real evidence. But they were not tempted to throw it all up and drop the banking investigation. Once again they gave the merely formal promise to consult the British before kicking over any special international apple-carts. But the nerve between government and big business was not done jumping. It sent a message to the Quai d'Orsay, and the French Ambassador called upon Secretary Hull, eager to join in impressing upon Senator Nye and his colleagues the great international delicacy of publishing information garnered from the files of Morgan and Company.

There, for the present, the matter rests. Morgan's files by now have been legally requisitioned and are being subjected to the study of trained investigators. They may yield little of interest; after all, Morgan has had many months to remove or conceal anything damaging or awkward. And two weeks passed after the first investigators visited the Guaranty Trust before they moved in at Morgan's. But perhaps everything is still there, and Morgan trusted to the invisible power which so often has done him service to save him again—the power that can move a British minister to rise in the House of Commons and the President of the United States to call in Senators for a talk about international delicacies.

The Nye committee for seven months has been working up to this denouement of investigating Morgan. It found a surprising amount of information before going into the relationship between banking and munitions. But the banking aspect is the climax, and Morgan and Company is the heart of the problem. It is almost a truism that the United States went into the World War in part to save from ruin the American bankers who had strained themselves to the utmost to supply Great Britain and France with munitions and credits. If it is not a fable the Nye committee must prove it once and for all, must demonstrate to what extent Morgan tried to bring this country in, and by what means. If it is not true, the committee (if all the papers are available) must courageously give Morgan a certificate of innocence. If necessary, the Senate should broaden the mandate of the committee so that this, one of the most important questions in our history, can be exhaustively studied and definitively answered. Nothing could be clearer than that Mr. Baldwin, speaking in London of "old controversies," means that there is something to hide, and that the British government was able to enlist the service of President Roosevelt in trying, in so far as diplomacy was able, to keep it hidden. It also seems as though the President was not itching to have the spotlight thrown on the Wilson Administration's connections with or solicitude for the Morgan bank.

In its present mood the committee will refuse to be checked. Perhaps it has weakened itself in promising to consult with the British, perhaps not. That remains to be seen.

The pressure on the committee can grow still stronger and considerably more obscure and devious. The time for publication will be the test. I imagine that Senator Nye would rather resign than let Morgan be spared any publicity which would be of service to the American public. Senator Bone at any rate would feel the same way. They know that their work is not finished until the nation knows what part Morgan and Company played in involving us in the World War.

* * *

The Colt case is to be aired at last before this committee. Mr. Richberg will be called later in the week to explain the mysterious ability shown by the firearms company in avoiding penalties after defying the National Labor Relations Board. Mr. Richberg has antagonized the committee with his statement to the press censuring it for its intervention. It intervened "most unfortunately," according to Mr. Richberg, "while the National Industrial Recovery Board was endeavoring to promote an agreement." He went on to say that as a result of "a great many rumors and inflammatory articles the opportunity of a peaceful adjustment had practically disappeared." The fact is there was no real possibility of a peaceful settlement of the Colt strike. The letter written by the company, which Mr. Richberg seized upon as showing such a possibility, offered merely to "negotiate and agree" with employees "if possible," and made no hint of a promise to set down the agreement in a written contract, which the NLRB had insisted on.

The Colt case is remarkable for the reason that Mr. Richberg intervened after the Blue Eagle had been taken away, not before, when he had the legal right to delay action. He tried to justify this belated intervention by appeal to Executive Order 6646. This authorizes the admin-

istrator, in case of a dispute between a government contractor and a government department, to make a final decision. To use this order, Mr. Richberg has to consider a judgment of the NLRB against a government contractor to be a "dispute" between the board and the company. This would be funny if it did not show to what lengths Mr. Richberg was ready to go to save the Colt company from losing its government contract.

But that is not the only remarkable feature of the story. Colt is assumed to have a patent monopoly on army machine-guns, though this, if true, would be a "military secret" and impossible to prove. If the government cannot buy machine-guns from Colt it just does without, or in a crisis it could confiscate the patents and farm them out to companies who comply with the ruling of the labor board. Mr. Richberg can say he acted not against labor in intent, but to save the army from running short of a few weeks' supply of machine-guns. This contention would bear out any assertion by the Nye committee that a patent monopoly makes a munitions manufacturer stronger than the government.

Whatever Mr. Richberg's motives, in effect he has been a prime agent in an attempt to break the Colt strike. It is an arresting incident. The government sets up agencies to settle labor disputes, it urges workers not to strike, and when the machinery works and condemns an employer, and the employer balks and the workers strike, the government backs the employer. If the Nye committee had not been studying munitions this would have happened without much national publicity, as a bit of normal routine. As it is, the newspapers have played the story down, as though this fundamental issue of a written contract was one that the public would not care to have too freely ventilated.

Critique of Chaos

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

WE are living in an economy of chaos. How long it will continue nobody can tell. Business will no doubt enjoy some upward fits in its cyclical convulsions. The New Deal will probably give way to some terror of decay. But one thing is certain. We are at the beginning of the end of a social system. The two major symptoms of social disintegration are very plain. First, the masters of our economic life are ignorant, incompetent, and callous, as the masters of a dying order always are. Panders rationalize their outlook for them, ghosts write their "autobiographies" and public statements, and gangsters fight their industrial battles. No social system can endure which is no longer able to make use of social intelligence. The other characteristic of a dying order is functional. It has reached the limits of reform. Every palliative turns into a focus of infection. Every reform turns into reaction. The contradictions of the economy are no longer hidden but dramatically evident. And government, which must administer these contradictions, is a comedy of errors which moves toward the tragedy of terror.

The New Deal is such a comedy. It has tried to relieve the farmer by organizing agricultural scarcity in competition with industrial scarcity, thus raising the price

of agricultural and manufactured goods beyond the reach of town and country. It has tried to help small business by attempting to reverse the processes of history in its favor. Public works, which were supposed to prime the pump of private enterprise, cannot do it because private enterprise cannot afford to have the government reduce the high cost of construction. And Big Ownership is doomed to the suicidal destiny of starving the social body on which it is a parasite. It has to beat down wages, it has to beat down the cost of raw materials, it has to curtail production. The only things it can raise are the price of goods and hell.

Needless to say, this process of economic disintegration makes for social despair. Institutions become the grimaces of their functions. The more ineffable expressions of the culture—arts, letters, customs, life itself—become meaningless and empty. And the individual becomes scared, jittery, and hopeless.

The way out must be found by social criticism. What we obviously need is not a schedule of reform but a critique of revolution based on American history and culture. Unfortunately, American thinking has been "experimental" rather than ideological. Pragmatism, the characteristic American attitude, is notoriously the philosophy of having

no philosophy, the gentle art of adjusting conscience to compromise. But today compromise no longer "works." And our social critics are worse confounded than confusion.

They are divisible into two main groups, those who know they are liberal and those who think they are left. The liberal critic is primarily worried about our civil liberties, not realizing that they were the political counterpart of an economy which is now collapsing. To throw away these political rights would indeed be folly. But obviously they will be lost unless a new economic base is created to give them a new reality. A new economy, however, can be built only by disregarding the "civil rights" of the reaction. Such is the paradox of history. The liberal who keeps on repeating Voltaire's sententious promise to Helvetius, "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it," is merely inviting his own destruction. Voltaire's prerevolutionary phrase was coined as a useful slogan against feudalism and was given effect only by the dictatorship of Robespierre, who guillotined those incapable of this noble sentiment. The real choice before us is between a revolutionary movement which will transvaluate the Bill of Rights in terms of economic democracy and the final terror of finance capital. In short, the function of social criticism today is to evolve a revolutionary ideology for the American people out of their own history and traditions.

Our left social critics are quite an amorphous group. They stretch all the way from those liberals who are flirting with the Communists to the Communists who are flirting with their "fellow-travelers" in liberal circles. These people are even less at home in the realities of American history and life than the avowed liberals. They do not misread American history. They ignore it. They mistake America for Russia; except Louisiana, which they mistake for Germany. They tell us we must "choose" between communism and fascism, which is ideologically sound enough. But by "communism" our professional left-wingers mean the Communist Party of America, which has vigorously demonstrated its impotence and vividly proved its ineptness. Our Communist Party is under such strange illusions as that American labor will follow the exact patterns of the Russian Revolution, and that the American Negro is a "suppressed nationality" yearning for an independent enclave in the Black Belt. American radicalism cannot develop a native ideology by playing the barker for a visiting revolutionary circus.

By "fascism" our fashionable lefts mean a stereotype imported from abroad. But America is not likely to follow either the German or the Italian or any other existing European pattern of fascism. For one thing, this is not a country but a continent. Even American capitalism has regional antagonisms. And not only the American radical but the reactionary as well is pragmatic, and hence pluralistic, and not given to totalitarian views. Furthermore, our class relations are psychologically different from what they are in Europe.

In Germany and Italy finance capital, like all finance capital, had no mass base. It was forced to hire one by subsidizing criminal chauvinists who were exciting the lower middle classes against powerful and class-conscious revolutionary movements. But in this country class differentiation, until quite recently, has been far more economic

than psychological. Our *haute bourgeoisie* is petty bourgeois at heart. Our vast middle classes are of course middle class in their mentality. And, until yesterday, the American worker fought for his rights not so much as a proletarian but as a petty bourgeois, as the traditional "common man," an ideograph which, because of the expanding physical and economic frontiers, had hardly changed since Thomas Paine.

American Big Ownership will of course fight with every means at its disposal to maintain its grip upon our disintegrating social economy. But what method this madness will pursue we cannot decide by such easy analogies as calling Huey Long an American Hitler. One may just as plausibly call him a modern version of Andrew Jackson, for the populism of the nineteenth century is showing distinct signs of turning toward reaction.

A sound American social critique must, to be sure, accept the Marxian interpretation. It must clarify the issues between the coming American revolution and the reactionary terror which monopoly capitalism will institute against it. It must chart a course through all the winds of doctrine and the chaos of a dying order. The principles of revolutionary cartography are everywhere the same, but the map of every culture differs.

The Intelligent Traveler

By JOHN ROTHCHILD

THE Intelligent Traveler articles, now starting their third season, have been called forth by the fact that a growing number of Americans travel intelligently or want to. The days of herd tours, one-night stands, a country a day, and rubber-neck sightseeing are almost past. Americans are learning that there are two ways to travel—on one's own, or with an organized tour which affords something more than the company of fellow-Americans, transportation, food, shelter, and a little stereotyped sightseeing. It is the function of this column (1) to suggest to those who wish to carve out their own destinies things to see and do, ways to save, and methods of going native; (2) to call attention to the few organized tours which promise the advantages of group economy or opportunities which the lone traveler would probably miss.

In choosing a tour, one should ask these questions and demand specific answers: (1) What proportion of time is spent in getting to places, and what proportion in seeing things? (2) Are there too many one-night stands? (3) What are the leader's qualifications? (4) How many will be in the group and what kind of people will they be? (5) How inclusive is the service given? (The lowest price does not always mean the cheapest tour.) (6) Does the travel organization merely furnish transportation, lodging, meals, and standard sightseeing, or has it foreign relationships which afford personal contacts and deeper insight.

OUTSTANDING TRIPS TO THE SOVIET UNION

Although independent travel is feasible, it is still true that a person generally gets more out of a first trip to the U. S. S. R. if he does not stand on his individualism. The Russians like to deal with people—each other or visitors—in groups, and groups have the right of way in the Soviet Union today. Among more than a hundred group tours planned for this summer, the following stand out because of leadership, unusual itinerary, special contacts, price, or combinations of these factors.

Moscow Summer School. One of the best opportunities for the study of Soviet Russia is offered by the Moscow Summer School, attended last year by 212 Americans. Courses on a variety of subjects, all bearing on the actual life of the country, all in English, and all including much observational field work, are offered by a faculty of Soviet professors. At the conclusion of the residence period the students scatter in small groups for short tours which are based on the courses. The cost of the round trip, including the expenses at the school, is \$379, third class. The school is under the auspices of the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

A number of European tours have been arranged in conjunction with the Summer School. The League for Industrial Democracy sponsors an undergraduate tour for comparison of the Soviet Union with Western socialism. Address L. I. D. Travel Department, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York. Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, executive secretary of the American Russian Institute, heads a group that will visit England, Istanbul, Geneva, and Paris, besides attending the Summer School. Address American Russian Institute, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York. Both tours are inexpensive.

Louis Fischer, for twelve years a resident of the Soviet Union, author of four definitive books on Russian affairs, and Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, will conduct a "traveling seminar" for a group of fourteen. Thirty-nine days will be spent in the Soviet Union. The itinerary includes some seldom-visited spots—for instance, a primitive mountain village in the Caucasus, and Erivan, the capital of Soviet Armenia. The rate is \$890, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia, with travel in international sleeping cars. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

H. V. Kaltenborn, news editor of the Columbia Broadcasting System, includes twenty days in the Soviet Union in his "Seven Seas Cruise Tour," which spends three weeks in Europe and several days on the Mediterranean. The party is not limited in size. The rate is \$782, minimum-rate tourist class on the ocean and second class in the Soviet Union. Address American Express Travel Service, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, or a local office.

The International Institute and the Curriculum Department of Teachers College, Columbia University, sponsor a series of comparative studies of the educational implications of recreation, housing, and city planning, theaters and art, unemployment and industry in the Soviet Union and Europe. Credits are granted by Columbia. Professor H. B. Bruner, who led a similar group last year, is directing the section (limited to twenty-five members) which visits the Soviet Union. The rate is \$700, including tuition, for six weeks in Germany and Russia, or in England and Russia, or in Russia alone, tourist class on the ocean and second class abroad. There are other alternatives. Address Professor H. B. Bruner, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York.

Julien Bryan, lecturer, whose moving-picture records of the Soviet Union are known throughout America, will conduct a group of ten for thirty-five days in the Soviet Union. This will be his sixth summer in Soviet Russia. The plans include a horseback ride in the Caucasus, with visits to otherwise inaccessible villages, and a short stay at a Jewish colony in the Kalinindorf district. The rate is \$539, with third class on the ocean and second class in the Soviet Union. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

The "Third Russian Seminar and Near East Cruise" will be accompanied by a staff of four American experts on Russian life: Professor Samuel H. Cross of Harvard, Professor Lucy E. Textor of Vassar, Professor Arthur W. Jones of the University of New Hampshire, and Dr. Merle Fainsod of Harvard. During thirty-one days in the Soviet Union the

group will cover a comprehensive itinerary. Ten days on the Mediterranean with visits to Athens, Venice, and other places add to the interest of the return journey. The rate is \$695, third class throughout. Address the Bureau of University Travel, Newton, Massachusetts.

Under the leadership of **Francis A. Henson**, secretary of International Student Service, an undergraduate group will observe the contrasts between Germany and the Soviet Union. The plans call for two weeks in each country and a week at the I. S. S. conference in Holland. Mr. Henson has conducted groups of economists, sociologists, and journalists to Europe and the Soviet Union for a number of years. The rate is \$528, third class throughout. Address International Student Service, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

The Fifteenth International Physiological Congress, to be held in Leningrad, August 9 to 16, will be attended by a party of American medical men. The group will be accompanied by Dr. James S. McLester, president-elect of the American Medical Association, Professor A. J. Carlson, chairman of the Department of Physiology of the University of Chicago, and Dr. George Halperin, of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The party will travel through Russia for twelve days after the congress. Of the several rates offered the lowest is \$645, tourist class on the ocean and second class in the Soviet Union. Address World Exchange Travel and Trading Corporation, 203 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

General Victor A. Yakhontoff will revisit his native land for the fifth time since the revolution, taking with him a group of ten. General Yakhontoff was a soldier and diplomat under the Czar, and a member of the Kerensky government. He looks at the Soviets with experience of the old and sympathy for the new. His group spends thirty-one days in the Soviet Union. The rate is \$663, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

A "Travel Seminar in Criminal Justice" will spend thirty days in the Soviet Union under the leadership of Dr. Mary Stephenson Callcott, criminologist and author of "Russian Justice." An unusual feature of the itinerary is the much-discussed Baltic-White Sea Canal, which was built with convict labor. The rate is \$399, third class throughout except for rail and steamer transportation in Russia, which is second class. Address International Educational Tours, Hotel Brevoort, New York.

Dr. Joseph F. Fishman, author of "Crucibles of Crime" and "Sex in Prison," leads a tour of which the itinerary is identical with Dr. Callcott's. With tourist passage and second class in Russia the round-trip expense is estimated at \$650. Address Union Tours, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dr. Joshua Kunitz will visit the Soviet Union for the sixth time this summer. His books, translations, and critical articles on Soviet life and literature distinguish him as one who knows the Soviets. He will conduct a group limited to ten members in a comprehensive thirty-one-day survey of the Soviet Union. The rate is \$459, third class on the ocean and third class in Russia except for rail and steamer travel, which will be second class. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

Dr. F. Tredwell Smith will conduct a study trip through the Soviet Union for the eighth time. His group, announced for "people of energy and simple tastes," will spend twenty-five days in Russia and return from Yalta via the Mediterranean directly to New York. The rate is \$565, third class throughout. Address Bureau of University Travel, Newton, Massachusetts.

Professor Herbert Adolphus Miller, sociologist, of Bryn Mawr, will conduct a small group on a leisurely explorative tour of thirty-nine days in the Soviet Union. The party will

avoid the tourist rush, leaving New York on June 6. The rate is \$760, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia, with international sleeping cars. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

A "Tour of Political and Social Inquiry," led by Ellen Starr Brinton of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, will spend a week in Moscow and Leningrad as part of a five weeks' European tour. The rate is \$510, with third class on the ocean and combined third and second class abroad. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

Correspondence

What the President Meant

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Villard's article in your issue of April 3, entitled Propaganda and the President, could hardly have offended any "liberal." I don't think that it would particularly offend anyone—not even the utility holding companies. Nor would it offend the President, whose recent message on the holding-company bill Mr. Villard dubbed an "outburst," and the import of which he failed to grasp.

It is important to observe that the President's message was not in any sense an invocation of a sovereign veto of the right to speak freely. The President attacked the current "Wire your Representative and Senator" campaign, not because he wanted to quash expression of public or private opinion on this or any other issue, but because he wanted to express his own opinion that this avalanche of letters, cards, petitions, and telegrams is being instigated by those who seek to mislead the investors and the general public, and is being paid for not with the funds of the instigators but with the investors' money. The President must have hoped to allay some of the "far-fetched and fallacious fears" that the utilities have engendered. And I should think that he has, in part at least, accomplished this.

The President did not attack those who "spoke." He only questioned the right of trustees to use their beneficiaries' money to defend themselves against a governmental measure which seeks to disqualify them as trustees on the ground that they have misused their trust to injure the investor, the consumer, and the public. The President was careful to point this out, and to show the danger that lay in a continued deception of investors and the public by holding-company officials.

Mr. Villard may have intended to cloak the utility shouting campaign with an aura of disinterestedness when he mentioned that "one of the oldest, most conservative banks in New York, and about the cleanest, broke its long record of never dipping into public matters by appealing to its depositors to write to Washington in protest against this bill. . . ." Mr. Villard also said that the David Lawrence article which the bank sent with its plea was "one-sided and partisan, if not misleading." But Mr. Villard picked a bad example when he chose that bank. Your readers may care to know (see Senator Wheeler's speech in the Senate on March 28) that the bank in question, the Bank of New York and Trust Company, has on its board of directors (1) Edwin G. Merrill, a director of Electric Bond and Share Company; (2) John F. Dulles, a director of North American Company and of several North American subsidiaries—Mr. Dulles is also a partner in Sullivan and Cromwell, a law firm which is counsel for several large utility holding companies; (3) Allen Wardwell, a partner in Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner, and Reed, the law firm which is counsel for J. P.

Morgan and Co., who were the principal organizers of, and are associated with, United Corporation.

The Bank of New York and Trust Company failed to make these pertinent affiliations known to the customers to whom the bank addressed its appeal.

New York, April 8

H. F. PILFEL

E. A. Robinson and Hardy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The death of Edwin Arlington Robinson revives in my mind a question which some of your readers may possibly be able to answer: Why has no notice ever been taken of Robinson's poem on Thomas Hardy, why was the poem never collected by the author, and why has the information which it provides regarding Robinson's mental development never been used by his biographers?

The poem appeared forty years ago, when Robinson was only twenty-six. It was printed in *The Critic* for November 23, 1895. It follows the strictest form of the Italian sonnet and reads as follows:

FOR A BOOK BY THOMAS HARDY

With searching feet, through dark circuitous ways,
I plunged and stumbled; round me, far and near,
Quaint hordes of eyeless phantoms did appear,
Twisting and turning in a bootless chase—
When, like an exile given by God's grace
To feel once more a human atmosphere,
I caught the world's first murmur, large and clear,
Flung from a singing river's endless race.

Then, through a magic twilight from below,
I heard its grand sad song as in a dream:
Life's wild infinity of mirth and woe
It sang me; and, with many a changing gleam,
Across the music of its onward flow
I saw the cottage lights of Wessex beam.

Can anyone who knew Robinson throw light upon this interesting sonnet?

CARL J. WEBER

Colby College, Waterville, Me., April 7

The Mobile House

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Two factors have thrown existing types of housing into obsolescence. The first is, of course, the shrinking of the national income. Present types of housing developed in an era of expansion. Many were uneconomic when built, their value being largely in the speculative hopes of their owners, and only foreclosure could bring them into working relationship with reality. When the national income shrank from ninety billions to forty, the capacity to pay compound interest on watered equities disappeared, and first mortgages became such a frozen investment that everyone now runs to the government for relief from the burden.

The other cause of obsolescence is less generally recognized. This is the cumulative effect of motor-car ownership in the United States, which has made the housing problem in America different from what it is in any other part of the world. The one industry thriving today is the automobile industry. Next to food and shelter the car takes the biggest share of the family income. Families have learned to content themselves with less and less house and furniture in order to maintain their car as income shrinks. This tendency makes all existing pretentious types of housing passé and a white elephant

on the hands of present owners. Automobile popularity grows in spite of the depression, and it will continue to be paid for out of what used to go into shelter and trappings. Has the architectural profession adjusted itself to this fact?

Housing that does not adjust itself to these conditions may easily pull our whole economic system down about our heads. The relation of motor cars and housing to the instability of our present order cannot be too strongly stressed, since the motor car is constantly pulling population away from scarce land toward land abundance, and our present banking system is based on the assumption of rising, not falling, land values.

The only completely furnished home yet evolved that is adapted to the needs and income of the average family is the "mobile house," the first unit of which in Flint, Michigan, stands as evidence that at last low-cost housing has adapted itself to the changes the motor car compels.

Flint, Mich., March 25

CORVIN WILLSON

"Age Cannot Wither Her"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I agree with all you say in your circular letter and I'll renew my subscription to *The Nation* for another year. I remember the delight with which we welcomed the founding of *The Nation*. I stopped because I am so old! I shall be ninety-two next summer and have such imperfect eyesight that much of my reading is listening!

I take a keen interest in the world's affairs and it is hard to keep up one's courage. But to one who lived through our Civil War that should not be an impossible task.

After I have read *The Nation* I send it to Georgia, where it circulates among a group of younger people.

Here is good luck to you and to *The Nation*.

Concord, Mass., March 25

L. S. W. PERKINS

Leaders Wanted!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

We are a group of social-minded, idealistic young men who are endeavoring to establish a new political party for the purpose of changing the social and economic structure of this country. For obvious reasons I am not at liberty to divulge our detailed plans at present. But I may say that our movement has nothing to do with communist, socialist, or fascist means of changing our social and economic structure, but that it is conceived and designed strictly for American consumption.

We are looking for young Americans between the ages of twenty and thirty-five who are basically socialistic in their outlook. Such men would have to function as organizers and leaders of our party. If any of your readers would care to communicate with us we can assure them of our strictest discretion. Address the undersigned at 615 Third Avenue.

New York, March 15

ERNEST WILKE

Drama Scholarship in London

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Will you again this year call the attention of your readers to the fact that the Drama League Travel Bureau, a non-commercial organization, has at its disposal scholarships covering full tuition for the six weeks' summer session at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London. These scholarships

are primarily intended for students interested in literary and drama study, but are also given for the more important purpose of promoting international understanding. We are very eager that the donors of these scholarships shall not be disappointed in the response to the unusual opportunity offered American students. We welcome all letters of inquiry concerning the scholarships. Application blanks may be obtained from the Drama League Travel Bureau, Essex House, New York.

New York, April 3

HELEN PAIRTCH, Director

Contributors to This Issue

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, a New York journalist, is co-author of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal."

JOHN ROTHSCHILD is a confirmed explorer of out-of-the-way Europe. As director of the Open Road he established the pioneer service for travel in Soviet Russia.

KATHERINE GAY is secretary of the New Mexico branch of the American Civil Liberties Union.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is the author of a biography of Samuel Butler.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "The Genesis of the World War," "A History of Western Civilization," and other sociological and historical works.

EMERY NEFF, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is the author of "Carlyle."

THE NAZI DICTATORSHIP

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SOCIAL CHANGES DURING DEPRESSION and RECOVERY

Edited by WILLIAM F. OGBURN

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birthrate
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radical movements

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Labor and Industry

Labor and the Liberals

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of April 17 carried an interesting editorial called "Heywood and Huey." I do not mean that it contributed very much to a better understanding of either individual named in the caption, but to me it was revealing as an expression of the liberal attitude toward the problem of labor. The basis of the editorial was my remark at a New York mass-meeting a month ago, "Labor's public enemy No. 1 is Franklin D. Roosevelt."

For this statement the speaker feels no need of apology, even though that suggestion has been made, but he is not averse to amplification. When the National Labor Relations Board first decided in favor of Dean Jennings of the Newspaper Guild against William Randolph Hearst, the Guild naturally rejoiced because here was a decision which actually promised to put teeth into Section 7-a. If the largest publisher in the land were restrained from discriminating against an employee for organizational activities, it might end the terrorism of editors all along the line.

When the board was persuaded to rehear the case, the official announcement said that this was done at the request of Blackwell Smith, acting counsel for the NRA. Naturally the Guild realized that Mr. Smith was not acting on his own account in such an important matter. We recognized that Blackie was somebody's errand boy, and so we fell on Donald Richberg with all the fury that we could muster. That was well enough as far as it went, but when the board refused to heed repeated kicks under the table and stuck by its guns, the President of the United States was forced to step into the picture in person and openly write the letter which gave William Randolph Hearst his victory.

Of course, the President did not say to the publisher, "Go ahead and fire as many union members as you please." He merely completely reversed his previous position and ruled that the National Labor Relations Board had no jurisdiction in newspaper cases. And any labor group will find it just as painful to be throttled by a jurisdictional decision as by one which purports to be on the merits of the case.

At the time of the President's letter the Guild directed its bitter complaint toward Mr. Roosevelt himself. Whom else could it accuse? In this case circumstances forced the President frankly to assume the responsibility. But in the case of the automobile code and the tobacco code it was possible to set up the fiction that Mr. Roosevelt didn't know. Somewhere along the line he had been deceived. I can't pretend to know what secret strategic reasons may have prompted A. F. of L. leaders to come in on the charade, but play it they did. They contented themselves with denouncing Richberg as a traitor to the labor movement but the President was not included in the criticism. He remained the hope of the trade-unionists although a foggy friend and a deluded executive.

It has seemed to me, and I have said on many occasions, that the labor policy of the present Administration

is wholly controlled by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Those who don't like it are foolish if they allow themselves to be sidetracked into forays against subordinates. When they complain they should point directly at the President of the United States.

And what is the policy of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the liberals in regard to labor? I think the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has every right to make itself a spokesman for this point of view. It is distinctly a liberal paper and with few exceptions it has not failed to follow the counsel of the elder Pulitzer when he said, "Never be afraid to attack wrong whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty." Particularly in regard to the latter group of miscreants the *Post-Dispatch* has never pulled its punches. Men who stand in bread lines and sleep in lodging-houses can't intimidate the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

Speaking of Roosevelt, the paper says: "If he does not always meet the expectations of labor, it must be recalled that he is also mindful of being fair to capital. Certainly he could not be fair to the employers of labor if he went as far as Heywood Brown would have him go. The President seeks to balance the rights of labor and capital, which is what he should do. There is no more difficult equation than this, or one in which men are so easily destroyed."

The *Post-Dispatch* is correct in saying that juggling is a difficult art, particularly when one attempts to keep cannon balls and scraps of paper in the air at the same time. Here, for instance, is a typical piece of balancing on the part of the President. In the Recovery Act labor received a boon called Section 7-a, which promised that there should be no interference with the right to organize for the purpose of collective bargaining. Having done that much for labor Mr. Roosevelt seemingly felt that he should do something for capital. Accordingly big business got the assurance that 7-a didn't mean a thing, and that labor spies and discrimination and company unions could go along as usual. And they have. Will somebody please list for me the names of industrialists who have been fined or jailed for flouting 7-a?

It may be said that court decisions have warred against the President's good intentions and that the Attorney General has done his best to protect labor's rights under the law. I doubt if this can be said by anybody with a straight face, but let some cynic with a mocking grin put it into the record just the same. The objection will still hold that whenever the juggler drops a cannon ball, it invariably falls on the neck of the workers. Call it coincidence if you will, and let's get on.

I am well aware of the fact that there are still capitalists of industry who pound the table at cocktail time and say, "That man in the White House is no better than a Communist." And strangely enough, they really mean it. What more these gentlemen want than they are getting

heaven alone knows. Apparently nothing will satisfy them this side of the restoration of the slave trade. But I deny the statement of the *Post-Dispatch*: "Certainly he [Roosevelt] could not be fair to the employers of labor if he went as far as Heywood Broun would have him go."

Nobody has a right to expect Franklin D. Roosevelt to found the socialist state. Last year I did, as a member of a Newspaper Guild Committee, make four requests of the President. We asked him to write into the newspaper code the five-day forty-hour week for all editorial workers. We asked a code for the employees of press associations. We asked employee representation on the Newspaper Code

Authority through Presidential appointment, as was done in the motion-picture code. And we asked for protection of newspaper men and women in their right to organize. We did not get any of these requests and I assert that not one of them was unfair to the employers of labor.

"Mr. Roosevelt was not elected as a labor President," says the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. "He was elected as a President of all the people."

Still, he will have to make a choice. The *Post-Dispatch* itself must admit that there have been Presidents who proved that it is impossible for a Chief Executive to serve both God and Mellon.

Background of the Gallup Riot

By KATHERINE GAY

Santa Fé, April 16

WE are nearing the end of a 230-mile motor drive from Santa Fé to Gallup, the little coal-mining railroad town that flamed into the news dispatches on April 4 with the shooting of a sheriff and an unemployed miner and the wounding of five workers and two deputy sheriffs. A. L. Wirin, an attorney for the Los Angeles Civil Liberties Union, drives the car. Beside him sits F. O. Matthiessen, Harvard professor, and in the back are crowded Clarence Lynch, International Labor Defense lawyer, Patrolman Irish, detailed as our bodyguard, and I. The car ahead of us is driven by Wheaton Augur, a local attorney for the defense, and carries Ann Webster, former practicing attorney from Washington, D. C., a stenographer, and Patrolman Gonzales. The high red cliffs of Gallup on our right, dimmed by the Kansas dust that hangs in the air, mark the border of the romantic and austere Navajo Reservation. To the edge of this stretch of desert clings the drab little railroad town; the Santa Fé railroad hotel is its most impressive building, and the black, treeless stretch along the tracks its public plaza.

As we swing into town from the east it is immediately evident that Gallup is waiting for some major event. Ranchers and cowboys from the outlying districts loll against the store fronts and stand in groups on the street corners, guns on their hips and rifles in readiness. Women of the town, in their best silk dresses, chatter in twos and threes. One block from the courthouse stands the fire engine, its hose unwound and laid in readiness in a long snake across the main street and into the Santa Fé Plaza. We are met at the courthouse by Acting Sheriff "Dee" Roberts, a small man of fifty or so, with a not unkindly Western American face. The murdered Sheriff Carmichael was his close friend and well thought of by workers as well as other townsmen. As we walk to the hotel we learn that a summons to a protest meeting of the unemployed has caused the appearance of the guns and the fire-hose. But there is no sign of a meeting. The text of the summons appears in the afternoon issue of the *Gallup Independent*:

Comrades, Friends: The International Labor Defense and cooperating organizations have won the preliminary rounds in the fight for the release of our comrades now in prison charged with murder. Not only is

the legal defense waging a bitter fight for the release of our comrades, but committees of workers have protested to the governor. Protests are flowing in from every section of the country. Liberals and intellectuals have joined with the workers and added their indignant protest to the governor.

Committees of workers, liberals, intellectuals, and students, with our attorneys, Clarence Lynch and A. L. Wirin of Los Angeles, with the guaranteed protection of the governor are coming here to Gallup to investigate the conditions that led up to the killing and wounding of our comrades and the sheriff of this county. Give these delegates the facts and these facts will be brought before the workers throughout the entire nation.

Comrades! In Gallup we must not weaken in the face of terror and intimidation, directed against us in order to force us to endure peonage conditions, rob us of our homes, and smash our organizations, which are our only protection against hunger, unemployment, and eviction. We must maintain our organizations. We must show our comrades in prison that we will not give up the fight.

A mass-meeting will be held in Santa Fé Plaza, on Friday afternoon, at 2 p.m., at the Hogan. The attorneys, A. L. Wirin and Clarence Lynch, will speak on the Gallup situation. We must mobilize the workers of every camp and throughout the county for this meeting. Our civil rights have been violated in an attempt to intimidate and terrorize us, but we do not weaken. We must intensify the struggle for unemployment insurance. Demand that Congress pass the Workers' bill, HR-2827, as the only means to stop evictions and hunger. All out on the plaza Friday.

Issued by the Clay Naff Branch, I. L. D., Gallup.
Demand the Release of Our Comrades! Free All Class-War Prisoners!

To the southwest of Gallup lies a hilly settlement with ragged shacks and mud houses huddled close together, known as Chihuahuíta—the sore spot from which the immediate trouble arose. We drive out there to look the ground over. It is in Chihuahuíta that a majority of the blacklisted coal-miners live. A large number of these people have been on direct government relief since the big strike in 1933. It is a squatters' settlement, and the land until approximately a year ago belonged to the Gallup American Coal Company, "Gamerco," a property of Kennecott Copper and the largest and, it is said, the best-equipped mine in the region. Families

living in Chihuahuita built their own houses and, when they could afford it, paid a small ground rent, not exceeding \$6 a month, to Gamerco. This company has no record of evictions for non-payment of rent, according to the workers and to Horace Moses, superintendent of the Gamerco mine. A year ago the company sold the entire tract of land to State Senator C. F. Vogel. Then the trouble began, according to Lynch of the I. L. D. In the spring of 1934, shortly after purchase of the land, Vogel served an "ultimatum to buy" on all residents in the form of a lease in which the rent should be considered as an instalment payment for the house, but according to which title to the house and all preceding payments would be lost immediately on the inability of the householder to meet monthly instalments. The residents claim that fantastically high valuations were put upon their lots by Vogel, so that a piece of property which could be purchased elsewhere in the township for less than \$25 was held at \$150 or more. About 50 per cent of the residents of Chihuahuita signed these sales-contract leases, but many have been unable to meet the payments. The other half refused to do so, not fully understanding the meaning of the lease. The first eviction notices were served in the fall of 1934, but appeals were taken for purposes of delay, and in the meantime an anti-eviction bill was introduced into the New Mexico state legislature. Senator Vogel is commonly credited with having used his influence to kill this bill.

The first actual eviction took place early this month in the case of Victor Campos, tenant in a house owned by Esiquio Navarro. On Wednesday noon, April 3, there was a regular meeting of the local council for the unemployed to elect delegates to attend the state meeting in Santa Fé. A committee of ten was appointed at this meeting to interview Sheriff Carmichael and ask dismissal of the eviction notice which had been sent to Navarro. The sheriff answered that he would not dismiss the charge and that there was to be no "funny business" or demonstration at the hearing next day, because it would be held behind closed doors. That night, at a regular meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the National Miners' Union, it was agreed to notify all members in the Allison, Gamerco, and South-western mines of the eviction hearing. These are the meetings, the prosecution will attempt to show, at which violence was plotted by the workers. On the same night a group of indignant men and women broke into the Campos house, closed by the sheriff's order, and replaced Campos's furniture. Campos, Esiquio Navarro, the owner of the house, who had been a leader in the National Miners' Union strike in 1933, and Jennie Lavato were arrested on complaint of Senator Vogel. At 9:30 the following morning a crowd had gathered outside the business office of W. M. Bickel, justice of the peace, who was to hear the complaints. The doors were closed to them. According to the local newspaper, Bickel decided to postpone the hearing in order to allow the defendants time to secure counsel, but this was not known to the crowd outside. Sheriff Carmichael went out by the back door of the building with one of the prisoners but was met in the alley by the suspicious and indignant crowd. From this point on no clear account is obtainable. In the following confusion Campos and Navarro escaped and are still at large. Sheriff Carmichael and Ignacio Velarde, an unemployed miner, were killed by bullets, and

two deputies and five workers, one a woman, were wounded. Of these, Solomon Esquibel has since died in the hospital.

Wholesale arrests followed immediately, and more than one hundred men and women were taken into custody—according to the local newspaper, frankly on the ground of their union activities or radical beliefs. Thirty-two prisoners were transported to the state penitentiary at Santa Fé, to which city the trial and preliminary hearing have been transferred. Workers' homes were illegally searched and their families intimidated, according to the statements of the defending attorneys. Forty-six defendants in all are now charged with first-degree murder under an old territorial statute enacted in 1853 and never before invoked. This statute makes all persons present when an officer of the law is resisted and killed liable to the murder charge, whether or not they were engaged in any unlawful activity.

Behind these extreme measures the 6,000 average American citizens of Gallup seem to stand in perfect accord and unity. What is the explanation? It certainly does not lie in their championship of Senator Vogel, commonly believed to be a dummy for a politically powerful ring which is financially interested in Gallup's underworld establishments. Vogel is proprietor of a second-hand store which he opened when he came to Gallup six years ago; he was convicted in the courts in 1934 of protecting prostitutes.

The average citizen of Gallup is baffled by a situation for which he sees no solution. He knows that the mines—there are four beside Gamerco—are running not more than two or three days a week and have no expectation of running more. He is still acutely conscious of the irritation of six months of martial law during the 1933 strike. He reads proclamations similar to the one quoted at the beginning of this article and feels personally outraged by them. Reds, Communists, union leaders, and labor organizers are all one to him. They are "trouble-makers" and should be dealt with accordingly. To him a protest meeting is a portent of riot and bloodshed, and he interprets the slogan "Free All Class-War Prisoners" as an active threat to break down the jail and kill the officers of the law.

Apart from the actual evictions, the unemployed miners, a large number of whom are from Old Mexico and do not understand English, claim grave injustices in the administration of direct federal relief. Figures for McKinley County, as given by the state FERA office, show for the month of March approximately 2,800 persons on relief—2,077 of them on direct relief. The average direct payment per case (not per capita) is given in March as \$18.75. The women of Chihuahuita tell a different story. Of four of the women charged with murder, one receives \$23 a month with six in the family; one with a family of six receives \$16; one with a family of five gets \$8.30, and one grandmother insists that her allowance for herself and four grandchildren is only \$3.54 per month. If the stories of these women are true, there is a serious leakage in the FERA of Gallup.

In the meantime the inhabitants of Chihuahuita hide behind their closed doors and wait for word of the acquittal or conviction of their husbands and friends in the coming trial in Santa Fé. But the average or slightly above average Gallup citizen is saying that the real question is what will happen when these men are acquitted and returned, jobless, to a baffled and hostile community.

Books, Drama, Films

Portrait of an Age

Judgment Day. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

AS Mr. Farrell has revealed throughout the trilogy of which this is the concluding volume, he is the most terrifying novelist now writing in America. The typical characters of the slightly older generation of fiction writers can usually be comfortably dismissed as being in one way or another very special cases. Farrell's Studs Lonigan, on the other hand, is, or is intended to be, a representative product of one whole region of contemporary American culture. He is Mr. Farrell's version of *l'homme moyen sensuel* of our time. He is the man in the subway, the man who fixes the plumbing, the man who walks into a thousand cinema palaces throughout the land. His obsessions—health, religion, financial security—are those inculcated by his environment. He is, according to most of the standards of that environment, a thoroughly normal specimen. This is what makes Mr. Farrell's portrait of him so terrifying.

There is nothing in this final volume comparable for sheer terror with that penultimate chapter in "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan" in which Mr. Farrell crystallized his vision of the contemporary world in a scene that is like an epitome of all human depravity and evil. It is as if after such a catharsis Mr. Farrell had been forced to write at a lower pitch, to let the threads of the web draw in upon his hero in a somewhat relaxed manner. The result is a certain repetitiousness, an occasional lapse into the banal and irrelevant, a general prolixity in the rendition of the characters' thoughts and emotions. The truth is that, whether because of the decreasing novelty of the material for the reader or because of a decreasing interest in it on Mr. Farrell's part, this last volume does not, through its first three-quarters, approach the qualities of its two predecessors in the series. But this judgment must immediately be followed by the qualification that the last quarter, which is devoted to Studs Lonigan's illness and death, brings the whole series to a brilliant and momentous close.

The theme when it does finally emerge is not stated but implied—through a contrast of the most objective sort between materials belonging by every right to the completion of the canvas. Old Martin Lonigan, melancholy over the bankruptcy of his business, the loss of his home, and the impending death of his son, is halted on his way home by an unusually raucous May Day demonstration near the University of Chicago. As the long parade of workmen, college students, and young pioneers files past, with their banners "Free Tom Mooney" and "Defend the Soviet Union," Mr. Lonigan curses them for their brazenness, their youthful strength and good looks, their hopefulness. In one of the surest psychological passages that Mr. Farrell has ever written he shows how all the voices of the old man's religious and patriotic loyalties rise up in protest, how all of them are drowned out by this strange new music, and how he can drive its din from his ears only by retiring to the nearest speakeasy. When he returns home in a drunken state, followed by his younger son in the same condition, Studs is already in his death agony; and a little later the reader is made to feel—what one feels only in the greatest works of fiction—that the individual catastrophe is but the symbolical parallel to some vaster and more consequential catastrophe in the world at large.

More than this implication will not be found at the close of Mr. Farrell's trilogy, which is a representation rather than

an indictment of our culture. The distinction between these two nouns should, but probably will not, include the answer to the question whether or not Mr. Farrell is to be classed as a writer of the proletarian revolutionary school, whether he is an artist or a propagandist. From one point of view, of course, no member of that school has written a more profoundly revolutionary novel. If it is revolutionary in a writer to project the experience of his time with such truth and vividness that a reader, imposing on it his own qualitative judgment, can only decide that such experience must be changed, then Mr. Farrell must be considered revolutionary. But Mr. Farrell is not this reader; he does not anywhere in his book impose such a judgment. "Here is a record of one large and important area of contemporary experience," Mr. Farrell seems to say. "It is as complete and honest and penetrating as I can make it. You make of it what you must." His direct concern, in other words, has been with truth, which for the artist is the truth of experience as he perceives it, not the truth which the mind in every age finds it necessary to impose on its experience.

As an artist, of course, Mr. Farrell is not without faults of the gravest kind; but the most serious of them, as it happens, is the defect of his greatest virtue. What distinguishes Mr. Farrell from most recent American fiction writers is what may be called the wholeness or balanced sanity of his perception. He has steered a successful course between the Charybdis of contemporary subjectivism and the Scylla of Marxist orthodoxy. But one of the less fortunate consequences of the balanced view of life for the artist is the tendency to include more in his picture than is always necessary. In addition to a weakening of the power of selection it brings with it a relaxation of intensity, since without a bias either of temperament or doctrine intensity must be supplied by the aesthetic process alone. Mr. Farrell's most serious defect at present is the all too common one of an insufficient control over his material. His need is to submit himself to a discipline that will enable him to do greater justice to the breadth and clarity of his perception. If he does manage to achieve such an aesthetic discipline within the next few years, there will be nothing to prevent him from becoming one of the truly great writers of our time.

WILLIAM TROY

Autobiography of a Convert

I Change Worlds. The Remaking of an American. By Anna Louise Strong. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

WHILE some of her contemporaries have been making journeys to the end of the night, Anna Louise Strong has arrived at the beginning of the dawn. This book is the story of that journey, one of the most remarkable and exciting autobiographies of our generation.

The first eight chapters embody, in the life of a girl, the whole aspect and critique of American liberalism. The author had been brought up in the best traditions: to love justice; to be good, kind, tolerant, efficient; to work hard. She expected to meet everywhere goodness, kindness, tolerance. "Class struggle? What's that?" she asked as she applied for membership in the Socialist Party some years after becoming a *Doctor Philosophiae*. The party would not admit her, though she knew with all the force of her will that she belonged there. She had got her direction long before she understood it.

She had been extremely successful as an organizer of child-welfare exhibits, in arousing communities to their needs. Agitation for mothers' pensions and against child labor sprang

up in her wake. Then the Russell Sage Foundation stepped in. The life went out of her work. Communities were not to be awakened; they were to be taught what to think. More and more she was called on "not to arouse new cities to democratic planning, but to give good technical form to old ideas." Of course. This is the blight that infests American life and education, the multiplication of techniques and the crushing of ideas, splendid instrumentation with nothing to work on.

In every change of her changeful life the author was moved by her pioneer nature to go on to the next thing. Her jobs carried her round the world. In each she came up against the same phenomenon. Her best efforts were never allowed to flower. She was always working against something not clearly defined. At last in Seattle she became active in the radical movement as editorial writer on the *Seattle Daily Call* and later the *Union Record*. She went through Seattle's great strike, which collapsed in the midst of success like the British workers' strike some years later. When the closing of the shipyards in 1919 finally broke up the movement she felt crushed, not knowing where to go.

It was Lincoln Steffens who told her. "You start where I left off," he said. "Yours is the next story that must be told in America." Because when she said, "I wish I could go to Russia," he answered, "Why don't you?" her whole life was changed—though of course she would have gone in any case. She had been on the way all along.

The rest of the book recounts her experiences in a new world. It goes without saying that the story is vivid. But this is not the important thing about it. It is unlike any of the other books about Russia. They tell you it is good or it is bad. They proceed to prove it. Or they may even tell you it is both. But this is the story of a transition to another dimension. The author admits you fully into this strange adventure of an individual soul trying to become collectivized. For she is a mystic, and for all its objective truth this is a soul drama. She came full of sentiment and compassion. She found the Russians grim. She tended to live on faith. They lived on economic theory and facts. Right and wrong, cause and effect, sorrow and joy, ways of thinking and doing, all were different. With infinite humility, patience, and will she kept on learning to understand. It almost finished her on several occasions. One has to die and be born again. For to her the collective soul is the next stage in human history. As a young woman she had once discussed her conception of God with a friend. She had said, "There isn't any God now, but there's going to be one." The God she hoped for was "a superconsciousness" that would be made bit by bit by human beings. "We will make it as we made the exhibit at Kansas City, drawing out the deepest will of people for joint purposes and fitting them all together till more and more people feel more and more of the world and think it and plan it. Some time we'll get a combination of consciousnesses that will take account of everybody and have everybody's power to use for the best good of all. That would be a God worth having." Such a God she sees being born in the birth throes of a new world.

This book will be criticized for many things—as not sound, as rationalization, as mysticism. But whatever it is or isn't, it is profoundly moving and significant. No other book has recorded such a transition in this world. One may feel that the author has accepted much by an emotional shutting of the eyes. The spirit that led to that acceptance was typified by Sonia, a girl in her twenties, who had had typhus, smallpox, malaria. She said:

"There is nothing impossible. There is always a way. . . . This famine is nothing to the wars of intervention. . . . We've the oil of Baku back. We've the coal

of the Donetz back. We've more than a thousand of the railway bridges repaired. . . . The blockade is broken. . . . Don't think this famine can stop us."

"Millions will die," I said. . . .

And Sonia answered, "Millions have already died." . . . But Sonia had already ceased to think of the millions. . . . In the grisly heart of famine, with children wailing outside, she pulled out a novel . . . and said casually, "I should like a couple of babies more than anything, but we have plenty of children in Russia and not many women who can work like I can."

She read herself to sleep and I blew out the candle.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Sure Fire

Time Out of Mind. By Rachel Field. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE emotions which this novel is calculated to kindle are within easy reach of the match. They lie right there on the surface of any reader's mind—there where countless novels have kept them safe and dry for the coming of Miss Field's sure fire. Seldom does a novel appear concerning which one can be so positive that it will be, at least on a certain level, successful. Each element which composes it is true in the sense that it has been tried. And many of these elements were tried so long ago that they have become almost an insurance against failure.

For one thing, "Time Out of Mind" is a novel about a family—that it is about a Maine family does not for the moment matter, if it ever does. And this family is going downhill. There have been great days, but that was when vessels sailed the sea. Now they are about to steam it, and the present head of the family, a proud, cold man with beetling brows (the epithet is Miss Field's), grows stubborn against steam; keeps on building clipper ships until he is ruined; and keeps on beetling his brows around the great house of his fathers, which by the way is called The Folly, until his son and daughter are ruined too. If the son was born to be ruined—having been created an artist, a musician with pale cheeks and dark burning eyes, rather than a commercial and maritime man—the father is nevertheless to blame for treating him with such indifference and cruelty that the seeds of insanity are sown in his mind, where they flower first into a symphony and then at the end into a madness like thunder and lightning; he walks off, appropriately, and dies in a terrible storm. His beautiful sister, partly as a consequence of all this, develops into a harsh old maid who battles for possession of him with the woman he should have married and did not. This woman has been from childhood a faithful servitor of the family; has grown up with the son and daughter without ever ceasing to be modestly mindful of her inferior position; and is in fact the only person who understands the son—though he does not know this until it is almost too late, when he makes the only amends of which his broken being is capable. She, having sacrificed for him her good name and her one chance of marriage, lives on into a deep wise loneliness and indites the narrative; which provides, among other familiar properties, a faithful steward whose candor concerning steamships is not appreciated by the Major, a portrait painter who does full, sad justice to the heroine as she poses for him under an apple tree while a warm, strong wind is blowing, and an influx into the whole scene of summer residents who change everything.

Only the feeblest hand could make such a novel fail, and the hand of Miss Field is far from feeble. It is so competent, indeed, that many will make the mistake of attributing greatness to the thing it has produced. But there is no greatness

here. There is merely a command over our easiest responses, an appeal to that part of us which does not know how, when the voices of so many novels start calling all at once, not to cry softly. The voice of originality has iron in it, and the touch of that iron is a little cold, a little ugly, even, until we get used to it. The landscape of great fiction is a little formidable, a little bleak; we do not nestle readily to its mountains. The reason, perhaps, is that a great novelist always remains a bit beyond us. We never do, in fact, get used to him; whereas we were used to Miss Field before she took up a hundred pens to write her first word. She has addressed herself to the fleshiest, the least formal portion of the mind. And she has produced there, admittedly, a certain effect. But between now and Christmas there will be other books to produce precisely the same effect.

MARK VAN DOREN

From Versailles to Stresa

Policies and Opinions at Paris, 1919. By G. Bernard Noble. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

The Price of Peace: The Challenge of Economic Nationalism. By Frank H. Simonds and Brooks Emeny. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

Peace and the Plain Man. By Norman Angell. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THESE three books constitute an interesting and illuminating triad in their contribution to the clarification of the present crisis in world affairs. Professor Noble makes it plain that the political and diplomatic roots of the present European confusion lie in the mistakes and treachery of the Versailles settlement. Mr. Simonds, who used to whoop it up for the spirit that made Versailles possible, has since seen the light and is no longer a devil-monger. Norman Angell is in the position of the man who can with complacency assert, "I told you so," for he exposed the economic futility of war while Izvolski and Poincaré were laying the plans which brought on the calamity of 1914.

Professor Noble had many advantages in writing a book on the Versailles settlement. He possessed full knowledge of the facts and was sufficiently removed from the events to have the perspective that was denied the authors of the crop of books that appeared from 1919 to 1921. And while he was one of the shipload of "performing professors" who went to Paris with Wilson after the war, there is little evidence in the book that he still points with pride in the classroom to his part in making the treaty. His book is the best brief survey of the transition from the Wilson era to the Versailles period in post-war history. In it he shows how the war-time pretenses of unselfish idealism were replaced by the grim realities of the secret treaties and the actual war aims of the Entente. He ascribes the moral and diplomatic débâcle partially to the selfish patriotism of the European peacemakers and partly to the necessity of "pacifying the animals" in a democratic system. War propaganda of years' standing had created a mass savagery and greed that had to be appeased, and Clemenceau and the others could not ignore the mob pressure at home in any such way as could the makers of the treaty which closed the Napoleonic wars.

Mr. Simonds quite realistically and correctly finds the chief incentive to war to rest in economic nationalism, and he logically holds that "the price of peace" is the willingness of the United States, France, and Great Britain to quit hogging the natural resources and markets of the world. The chief danger spots are Germany, Italy, and Japan, and they are danger spots simply because these states have been denied fair access to raw materials and foodstuffs. Japan was able to

improve her situation during and after the World War; hence her condition is not so acute. But to Germany and Italy war seems the only way to a decent share in the essential materials of modern economic life. The choice of the future is real economic internationalism or else a destructive war likely to end the very capitalistic system which has created and sustains the menacing hoggishness of today.

While Norman Angell does not minimize the economic foundations of the war danger, he goes farther afield and examines the political and psychological as well as the economic elements in the picture. The concluding chapter is a model of pithy and precise riddling of traditional notions on international problems. Mr. Angell's solution—a collective rather than an individualistic and nationalistic world order—is commendable, but it states rather than solves the problem before us.

Peace, like prosperity, would be possible, even simple and easy, under capitalism if there were any intelligence in capitalistic leaders. But there seems to be so little of it in evidence that the realistic observer is likely to conclude that capitalistic suicide, presumably by way of a devastating world war, will be the probable outcome of the international crisis. If this is so, the quicker it comes the better.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Victoria's England

Early Victorian England (1830-1865). Edited by G. M. Young. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. \$14.

THE object of these volumes is "to provide the background of ideas and habits, to recall the sights and sounds of early Victorian England, and so create for the reader of the history or literature of the time the atmosphere which will bring their details into perspective and relief." Those who, with a similar purpose, have journeyed about the British Isles patiently collecting material in museums, in art galleries, in dusty library files of periodicals and Parliamentary blue books, in surviving Victorian factory buildings, country houses, and city streets, will rejoice at the accessibility, the copiousness, and the representative character of this cooperative work by seventeen British experts, including J. H. Clapham, R. H. Mottram, Bernard Darwin, A. P. Oppé, and Allardyce Nicoll. The first volume deals with such basic topics as work and wages, homes and habits, life in London and in the new industrial cities, country life and sports, the army, the navy, and the merchant marine; volume two is chiefly concerned with the superstructure of civilization, with art, architecture, music, drama, the press, holidays, and travel. Every variety of evidence has been summoned: among the less obvious and accessible, family budgets, etiquette books, furniture catalogues, playbills, architectural plans, guidebooks, photographs, sketches. There are 137 full-page illustrations. The contributors are saturated with Victorian literature, and draw upon invaluable recollections and oral traditions. They discuss without squeamishness sanitation and morals; they throw off casually the information that in the eighteen forties Peel was described as "introverted," that "folklore" and possibly "communism" were Victorian coinages, and that Karl Marx carried on a controversy with Bakunin in "the journal *par excellence* of the public house." Such wealth of detail is not permitted to fall into encyclopedic desultoriness, but is unified and correlated by a chronological table, by an index of 55 pages to the 916 pages of text, and by the constant balancing of close-ups, such as Mr. Mottram's use of his novelistic powers in the story of the coming of the cholera to Exeter, with wide bird's-eye surveys. The editor, Mr. Young, completes the synthesis with a ninety-page final chapter, Portrait of an Age, which is in



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The England of the eighteen thirties, which is the point of departure for these volumes, is strikingly like the United States of the nineteen thirties: a nation of unprecedented industrial and agricultural productiveness whose benefits, because of iniquitous distribution, do not extend to millions of underprivileged. The reigning philosophy of laissez faire has almost stripped the central and the local governments of power to promote social welfare, when the great depression of 1836-43 arouses the wise and the well-meaning among the ruling classes to the danger of a proletarian revolution under the banner of Chartism. What happened has, in the admirable summary of Mr. Young, prophetic significance for our day: "the formation in the thirties of a Marxian bourgeoisie which never came into existence, the reemergence in the forties of a more ancient tradition, a sense of the past and a sense of social coherence, which never fulfilled its promise, and a compromise between the two that possessed no ultimate principle of stability." On its cultural side the story is more encouraging: "the English mind employing the energy imparted by Evangelical conviction to rid itself of the restraints which Evangelicism had laid upon the senses and the intellect; on amusement, enjoyment, art; on curiosity, on criticism, and science." A background work so authoritative, well arranged, and attractively written has been urgently needed to vivify and interpret Victorian literature and history; it can scarcely fail also to arouse reflection as to the future of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

EMERY NEFF

Shorter Notices

Winter in Taos. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

Perhaps no book about the Southwest would have more to say than this one does to an outsider who hopes that he may some day live there. For Mrs. Luhan herself writes as an outsider, being both too intelligent and too honest to pretend that she is part of Taos. By this time it is part of her, and she makes that fact clear in many charming, slow-moving pages; but she does not allow her reader to forget that she has lived most of her interesting life elsewhere. The book, indeed, is about what Taos has done to her now that she has settled there as the wife of Tony Luhan, the main point being that it has made her feel wise and happy. The impressionable reader will feel so too, and quite possibly will grow homesick for this country he has never seen. Mrs. Luhan drifts through a representative day, seizing occasions to expand her narrative so that it will also represent the year; but sticking after all to the day, which begins with her Indian husband's departure for Arroyo Seco and ends with his return. The portrait of Tony is central to the book, and as such is both strong and beautiful. Hardly less memorable, however, are the pages dealing with certain horses, dogs, and cats; or with the great mountain in the distance; or with the sky at all hours of the variable year.

Young Ward's Diary. Edited by Bernhard J. Stern. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

Lester Ward, who toward the close of the nineteenth century was to write "Dynamic Sociology" and other ambitious works, kept a diary from 1860 to 1870 in which he recorded almost everything he thought and did. Since he was then an obscure young man in rural Pennsylvania, in the

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Union army, and in post-war Washington, the document he left behind him has value for the clear light it sheds upon the customs of those localities. But it has still greater value as the record of a passionate boy who was very much in love with a certain girl and who was very ambitious to become a learned man. Young Ward's account of his three years' wooing of Lizzie Vought makes one of the best love stories this reader knows; and his hunger for knowledge is such a thing as occurs with rarity anywhere. He wrote this diary, for instance, in French, so that he might improve himself in the language; and it should be said in passing that the translation by Elizabeth N. Nichols is admirably lifelike.

Siesta. By Berry Fleming. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

In Georgetown, Alabama, people stick like melted tar in the middle of the road; the Deep South heat saps their will to get somewhere. The old inhabitants—from the gas-station tank Lee to the resigned Dr. Abercorn—tipple, hesitate, and philosophize phosphorescently; the young folks become aimless or rash—Austin Toombs idles himself out of writing poetry, Nora Fenwick stops practicing piano, the newly wed Maybelle lets herself be seduced. The characters of the people express the natural disposition of the place in which they live. This emphasis on the place factor in environmental influence yields an interesting, ordinarily slighted "angle"; but a well-proportioned picture is not obtained, for now the human factor is underestimated. One feels the want of a balance of power, of character to stand up against climate. The individual short stories, like the lives, are neither ample and strong enough in themselves nor closely enough knit together; they do not maintain a steady line of their own, nor do their short strokes describe a firm narrative circumference of the town. Despite the atmospheric pressure, the reader remains cool.

Drama

Your Money's Worth

IN small-town newspapers the unhappy gentleman whose business it is to review everything from the performance of a traveling star to the concert arranged at a strawberry festival is accustomed to take refuge in a convenient locution. The event, he says, "was a treat for music-lovers," and by that useful phrase he manages to compliment whoever needs to be complimented without committing himself any more deeply than he must. Neither the performer nor his admirers have any grounds for complaint, but the writer has left a loophole for his conscience at least. He has not said that he himself was to be numbered among the music-lovers and he has not, therefore, so much as implied that the event was a treat for him. What he has really said is only, "Them that like that sort of thing probably liked it again," and by the easy substitution of other words for "music" he becomes a satisfactory commentator upon all the arts without the slightest impairment of his own integrity.

After this introduction I have no hesitation in saying that "Journey by Night" (Shubert Theater) is a treat for drama-lovers. Whatever else it has or hasn't, it has certainly no lack of "strong" situations, and only a glutton for drama could possibly object that he was not given his money's worth of that commodity. To begin with, the heroine is a noble prostitute who was driven into her profession by cruel fate and who longs for nothing so much as for pure, unmercenary love. Slinking back to plead for one last chance from the husband who had wronged her so deeply, whom does she meet but a charming

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young man, and who should that charming young man turn out to be but the beloved brother of the cruel husband? Of course she does not know who he is and of course she does not suspect that the money he is lavishing in preparation for the flight away from it all has been stolen from the bank where he works. When the horrid truth finally dawns upon her, she falls to the floor with a resounding thump and that is the end of act two. From then on things really begin to happen. On the banks of the beautiful blue Danube and by the light of a Viennese moon she tells her lover who she really is, and he—whether through the influence of a hereditary trait or merely because to understand somewhat less than all is to pardon nothing—fails as completely as his brother had failed to comprehend the situation's deeper meaning. Being of an impulsive nature, he chokes the lady well, throws her into the river, and thus prepares for the crowning dramatic irony. She had planned to go to Pressburg that night in order to take up her duties in a well-known bawdy house, and when a policeman runs up he pauses long enough to listen to a passing spectator who explains that any attempt at rescue is hopeless. "It's too late," he says. "She will float down and down the river—even as far as Pressburg." And of course, as I had almost forgotten to add, the young man commits suicide.

Under another title this gaudy drama translated from the German has twice before got as far as an out-of-town try-out, only to be abandoned by producers who realized that it really wouldn't do. At various times it has been tinkered with by various hands, and if I am right in assuming that sundry bits of standardized comic relief have been added, the tinkering has not done any good to a piece which may, in its original form, have had some sort of style of its own but which has by now been reduced to the stylistic common denominator of all overheated drama. We had best postpone to a more auspicious occasion any judgment upon Greta Marlen, a newcomer from Germany. James Stewart, who was so good as the Irish soldier in "Yellow Jack," is fantastically cast for the role of a handsome young Austrian—in which role he is, through no fault of his own, about as convincing as an Austrian as the play is convincing as life.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Music for the Accordion

AT the international film festival held in Moscow last winter for the purpose of celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of the Soviet cinema, "The Youth of Maxim" (Cameo) shared first honors with the now classic "Chapayev." It should therefore be apparent that it is with no ordinary run-of-the-mill product that one is concerned this week. In fact, it is so easy for the normally disgruntled and carping film reviewer to become unseemingly lyrical over this picture that it will perhaps be best to keep to the most coldly objective type of analysis known to the critic—the purely technical. It is not that this fruit of the combined directorial talents of Messrs. Kozintzev and Trauberg (the latter to be remembered for his "China Express," the inspiration for Von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express") is not also interesting in other ways than the technical. But technically it is more interesting than any film seen in New York this season, more interesting even than "Chapayev," and through a concentration on its technical aspects one can perhaps best indicate its total quality. And there is the point about preserving at all costs the traditionally glacial calm of the critic.

As to the content of the picture, therefore, one will say

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(Signed) **HUGO VAN ARX**, Controller.
For THE NATION, INC.

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this seventh day of February, 1935.
(Signed) **R. B. COUSINS**.

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little more than that it is an account of the gradual awakening to class-consciousness of a very ordinary young Russian workman in the period following the revolution of 1905. It relates his early care-free days of buffoonery and love-making, his refusal to act as a company spy, his participation in a demonstration over the death of a fellow-worker, his imprisonment, and his final graduation as an active party organizer. It is the history of an education and may be compared with other screen endeavors of the same kind. It may be very profitably compared, for example, with the Oxford film, "Men of Tomorrow," currently showing at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse.

What makes it more absorbing than such films, especially such films as have come out of Soviet Russia, usually are, however, is evident from the very first moment of the prologue. Men and horses and carriages, in an interfused rhythm of light and sound, whirl in upon the consciousness in a dizzying impression of a New Year's Eve celebration of the old regime. It is clear that there is to be no line drawn here between sound and movement and design, between the screen as a visual and as an aural medium. The fusion of the two kinds of image is again accomplished in the Vermeer-like composition of the next shot, a bare hallway with a small back window in which are silhouetted the loudly celebrating figures outside; in the folding and collapsing accordion; and in the scene in which the workers' song in prison is alternately stifled and freed under the heavy fists of the guards. Also to be noted is what may be called the thematic use of light and of sound. Of the first, examples will be found in the blurred focus of the ominous opening episodes, the complete blocking-out of half the screen rectangle in one of the prison shots, and the fluent natural sunlight of the end. Sound effects are used as reinforcement or commentary in the mechanical gurgle of the Cossack officer sipping tea, in the still-droning voice of the warden on the sound-track as Maxim steps through the prison gates, and in

every shot in which the accordion appears. The instrument is seen as well as heard on three different occasions throughout the story: when it collapses with ironic effect during a police raid; when it is played to full capacity by a workman dreaming of the future; and when it is snatched by one workman from another at the peak of a demonstration. It is heard but not seen at the close when Maxim turns his steps toward the open country and the future. Obviously it has been a symbol, and a symbol of the most dangerous sort, the sort which is intended to serve as a unifying device. Structurally this film lacks the vigorous simplicity of "Chapayev"; it is not so well proportioned in its parts; it does not rise to a superb tragic climax. But this is a consequence of the fact that its hero is an ordinary young workman and not a figure out of national legend. By means of a centralizing symbol, in other words, Kozintzev and Trauberg have tried to supply a formal development that is not inherent in the material, and on the whole they have succeeded. They have maintained in its use an almost miraculous balance between naturalism and a most hazardous type of stylization. And they have supplied also, one may add, the symbol for one's own enthusiasm. It is mere restraint that keeps one from straining the instrument to its ultimate rib in praise of this beautiful and memorable picture.

"Men of Tomorrow" will tell you how sensitive young men at Oxford fall in love with girls from Gorton, punt on the river, get debagged by the hearties, write pamphlet attacks on the university, and recover from it all by going to London and writing a novel. In brief, it is the worst of all the Oxford novels that one has read thrown into the awful relief which only the screen can achieve. Although one had expected from Leontine Sagan at least a little of the honest verisimilitude which characterized "Mädchen in Uniform," the film does no more than offer another rather terrible example of the purifying effects of the British studios.

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